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THE  
MOUNTAIN  
COTTAGER;

OR,  
*WONDER UPON WONDER.*

A TALE.

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*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF*

*G. H. SPIESS.*

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“Ye visions that before me roll,—  
“That freeze my blood,—that shake my soul,—  
“Are ye the phantoms of a dream?”

H. M. WILLIAMS.

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PHILADELPHIA:

*Printed by and for W. W. WOODWARD, No. 17,*

*Chestnut Street, Franklin's head.*

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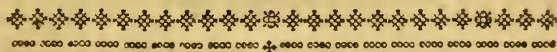
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# THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGER.

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## CHAP. I.

**A**T the foot of the mountains which separate Savoy from Switzerland, there lived, at the end of the last century, in a humble village, and in a yet more humble cottage, a poor Savoyard. In his youth he had travelled through Germany with a marmot, and, by the exhibition of this animal's tricks and gambols, had not only gained a livelihood, but had also, by his extraordinary frugality, saved a tolerable capital. With this he returned homewards, resolving to build himself a little cottage in his native country, to take a wife, and to spend the remainder of his days in quiet. As he passed through Swabia in his way home, he became acquainted with a poor but lively young maiden, who pleased him extremely. He made known his sentiments

to her, his suit was crowned with success, and she accompanied him as his wife into Savoy.

After an union of thirty years uninterrupted happiness, she died, and left him six sons, the three elder of whom were settled in France in the business of cleaning shoes; the two next worked in the mines of their own country; and the youngest, as his mother's favourite, was still at home. He was a stout comely youth of seventeen, and would, if better dressed, have excelled in appearance many Barons and Counts, and have engaged the attention of many fair ladies. "It must not go on thus any longer," said his old father to him one day; "here, if you work like a beast of burden, you can scarcely earn dry bread; follow the example of your brothers, and go into some other country. They have succeeded by this means, and so did I, and there is no fear of your not doing the same. The sooner you go, the better; I give you my blessing, and for your mother's sake, a dollar for your journey, and thus furnished you are secured from want."

The young Wolfgang, for such was the name which his mother had given him, accepted the blessing and the money, and set out the next morning. The charming def-

criptions this tender parent had often given him of her native country, had long excited his curiosity, and he now determined to gratify it by going thither. Before he arrived there, he laid out his whole capital in mouse-traps and hatchels, which he understood how to make himself, and which his father told him were a welcome commodity in every German village. The truth of this he soon experienced. He perfectly understood the German language, and with the innate eloquence of all Savoyards, knew so well how to recommend his ware to the old mothers and the young maidens, that his capital was often returned in a week with reasonable profit; besides which, he had generally a bit of bread given him, sometimes a dinner or supper, and always a night's lodging. By all these means he was enabled, as early as from Nuremberg, to remit two dollars to his father by a fellow countryman, who was returning home.

From Nuremberg he went into Baireuth, and wandered accidentally into the neighbourhood of the celebrated Fichtelberg. Here, as he came one evening, quite fatigued, into a village, he knocked in vain at several doors for admission, being every where, to his great surprise, turned away contumeliously, and was thus obliged to do what had seldom happened to him, seek his night's lodging at

the public-house. Scarcely had he entered the door when the host came towards him cap in hand, and expressed the highest satisfaction at having the happiness and the honour of entertaining so illustrious a guest. With a profusion of these compliments, he compelled the Savoyard to go into a little parlour, and, without paying any regard to his remonstrances against this, he called to his wife, who was in the kitchen preparing supper for her servants—"Kate, give up whatever you are about! kill the finest chicken! mull some wine! cook the best of every thing that you have in the house! the long expected guest is arrived! make haste, and let nothing be wanting!" The hostess welcomed this news with loud acclamations of joy, and prepared to execute these orders with the greatest expedition.

Wolfgang, who could only imagine that they were in some error respecting him, now seized the hand of the busy host. "Sir," he said, "you must be mistaken about me; I am only a poor Savoyard who sells mouse-traps and hatchels, and how can I, therefore, deserve such a reception?"

*Host.* "Sit down, noble Sir, sit down! you must be tired! When a person travels so far on foot, who is not used to it, he must be

doubly tired!—Ha! ha! ha! I mistake! ha! ha! ha! I do not mistake. I am indeed only a poor host, but yet I know much that others do not know. Such a happiness, such an honour, does not happen to one every day, and one must endeavour to make oneself worthy of it.”

*Wolfgang.* “Dear honest man, it is impossible but that you must mistake me! I repeat it once more, I am a poor Savoyard, and earn my bread by this little trade, and only beg for a night’s lodging.”

*Host.* “Ha! ha! ha! quite right! that you shall have indeed with all my heart. I only regret that I am not in a situation to receive so illustrious a person according to his deserts; and I hope your honour will take the will for the deed. A knave only gives more than he has.”

*Wolfgang.* “Sir, tired as I am, you will constrain me to go and seek a night’s lodging with some peasant. Here must be some mistake, of which I will on no account take advantage.”

*Host.* You will not make me so unhappy! will not despise me! certainly, certainly, I understand it. I have blundered to be sure,



but out of pure joy, out of pure delight ! I should not have been so stupid—I should have considered you as what you would be considered ! I beg pardon a thousand times ; but, stay now ! I shall quite despair if you despise my house, and would seek a night's lodging elsewhere.”

*Wolfgang.* “ I understand your excuses as little as your invitation. You call me ‘ Noble Sir, your Honour !’ I repeat it again, you must mistake me, and while you do this, I cannot possibly consent to remain at your house.”

*Host.* “ Well, well ! I willingly own that I have blundered. I understand my error, and beg pardon. I know, and believe indeed that you—yes, that you come out of Savoy, and deal in mouse-traps and hatchels. Are you easy now ? Are you satisfied ? Will you stay with me ?”

*Wolfgang.* “ With all my heart ; it is indeed my request. But now you must forbid the supper which you have ordered.

*Host.* “ No ! no ! any thing that you will but that. I know what is proper and becoming. I love the Savoyards with all my heart, and you must give me leave to enter-

tain you in the best manner that is in my power.”

*Wolfgang (laughing.)* “My hunger would make that very agreeable, but it would be very ill suited to my purse. And in order still further to convince you of your error, I must tell you, that my whole store would scarcely be sufficient to pay for this repast.”

*Host.* “To pay! Who speaks of payment! it is not as a landlord, but as—— as a good friend, that I entertain you with what little I have. To pay! no, no! understand me better. If you would give me a handful of ducats, I would not accept a single one of them. Stay a week, stay a month, stay a whole year with me, and I give you leave to call me the meanest fellow in the world if I should desire a single kreutzer of you! I have been in foreign countries, and I know how it is when one meets by chance with a good-natured man, who will share his little with one. What I do, I do with an honest heart, out of good-will, and you must not despise it.”

*Wolfgang.* “No, certainly not. I accept it, on the contrary, with many thanks.”

*Host.* “You make me quite ashamed! You thank me!—I have said truly, I do it out

of no selfish views, but merely, if you will, as a good work ; and such are, perhaps, often richly rewarded before one expects, or has formed any idea of it. You will stay with me ?”

*Wolfgang.* “ How can I resist such an invitation ! My father, who was also in Germany——”

*Host.* “ Aye ! was he ? was he ? well that doubles my joy, if he has indeed been in our country.”

*Wolfgang.* “ It is very possible.”

*Host.* “ Aye, aye ! ha ! ha ! it is very possible. But you were going to tell me something of your papa—of your father, I would say.”

*Wolfgang.* “ My father has related much to me of the honesty and good-nature of the Germans ; but such an honour, such an invitation, I believe scarcely happened to him in his travels.”

*Host.* “ Well, that rejoices me ; rejoices me exceedingly ! But now sit down.”



*Wolfgang (sits down)* "I must intreat you once more, if you are mistaken in my person and sooner or later discover this mistake, that you will not impute any blame to me. I think I have done everything in my power to convince you that I am nothing but a poor Savoyard! Read my passport, which will yet more fully confirm it."

*Host.* "I believe it, indeed!—but because you command it, I will read the passport, (*reads it, and gives it to him again, laughing.*) Aye, aye, all right, exactly as you have said! A passport is always necessary on a journey, whether one travels as one of us or as a great person *incognito*: but I must now give some directions; I shall not leave you for a long time; I will be here again immediately."

The host ran up and down, rinsed the glasses, brought a clean table-cloth, and cleaned the tin spoons with chalk, while Wolfgang sat, not knowing what to think of these preparations. He was often tempted to doubt whether the host was in his right senses; but all the rest of his actions, and particularly the accuracy with which he heard him in the next room, noting down to every guest his mug of beer, convinced him to the contrary, and increased his surprize.

The supper was served up, with an hundred apologies from the host for not being able in such a hurry, to get any thing better. The hostess added herself to the company; but, notwithstanding Wolfgang's most earnest solicitations, he could not prevail on either her, or her husband, to sit down with him to table; both stood behind his chair, and waited his commands. He, who had never been so handsomely entertained in his life before, forgot all his scruples at the sight of the smoking dishes; and to the great joy of the hostess, he ate heartily, and drank several glasses of the light wine of the country to her health.

After rising from table, he was, with a thousand compliments, conducted to the bed-chamber, where the host and hostess intreated him to put up with their mean accommodations, and to consider, that they had not so soon expected so welcome a guest.

## C H A P. II.

**W**OLFGANG, as soon as he was alone, began to reflect on his unexpected good fortune. He could not imagine how these people came to distinguish a poor Savoyard by such kind behaviour, unless from some mistake, and only composed himself by the recollection of his not having by any means contributed to this. The soft bed soon prevented all farther reflection, for he fell into a sound sleep, out of which he was first awakened, late the next morning, by a gentle knock at his door. He arose, and dressing himself hastily, opened it to see who was there, when the hostess stepped in with coffee, and every thing proper for breakfast; hoped her guest had slept well, and asked if he would permit a gentleman out of the neighborhood to breakfast with him. Wolfgang replied, that he had nothing to command here, and consequently as little to permit; that a breakfast, as well as such a visit, was to him an undeserved and unexpected compliment, and must entirely depend on the gentleman's inclination to do him this honor.

The hostess went out, and returned in a few minutes with a rather elderly looking

gentleman, dressed in a suit of green clothes laced with gold. Wolfgang's embarrassment at the sight of him was very great; he had never been used to visits of this kind, and knew not what to understand by it. The only conjecture that seemed plausible to him was, that this gentleman was come with the view of setting the host right respecting the incomprehensible error that he had fallen into with regard to him. It was therefore no wonder that he stood quite confounded, and began to tremble, and, but from the consciousness that he had in no way contributed to this error, he would not have been able to support himself; but confused as he was, he soon saw, to his great astonishment, that his visiter was not in a better situation: for after making many silent bows, and then a profusion of compliments, begging pardon for the liberty which he had taken, and speaking of unexpected happiness and honor, he remained quite at a loss; and endeavoured, by coughing frequently, to conceal his confusion.

Little as Wolfgang knew of the world, he soon perceived that this gentleman was not come to threaten, or injure him in any way; and he waited quietly for what was to follow this extraordinary behaviour. He entreated the stranger to sit down, who, in return, as-

fured him that he could not on any account obey his commands, till he did the same himself. They then fat down together, and the busy hostefs began to pour out the coffee.

Wolfgang now learned from her conversation, that his visiter was a person of rank, and Lord of the Manor of this village; and that he had a fine castle about a mile and a half from thence, where it was his pleasure to entertain all foreigners.

The noble Baron, who, as I shall conceal his real name, will be called the Baron von Tiefenthal, confirmed every thing that the hostefs said, and added, that he would esteem it a real happiness and honor if Wolfgang would visit him, and spend some time at his castle. Much surprised as he had already been with the Baron's visit, he was now infinitely more so at his invitation; his amazement was indeed so great, that he had not power to make him any answer.

*Baron.* “ I indulge great hopes of enjoying this happiness, and entreat once more that you will grant my request.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Noble Sir, you confuse and surprise me to the greatest degree. What can induce you, if I may be so bold as to ask



the question, to invite a stranger, a poor Savoyard, to your castle? you must, through some inconceivable error, take me for another person of far more consequence. I assure you most solemnly, that the coat which I wear is perfectly suited to my rank; that these are my best, my only clothes; that my father is indeed honest, but one of the poorest among all the inhabitants of Savoy. Now I have said this, it remains for you to decide whether you will repeat an invitation that I so little deserve."

*Baron.* "I not only repeat it, but assure you again that it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will accompany me."

*Wolfgang.* "How I still deserve this honour after such a declaration as that which I have made, I cannot comprehend; but it would be folly in me now if I refused to accept it. The ways of God are wonderful; and that I, a poor stranger, should find here a friend so disinterested and of such eminence, is certainly his doing. I shall to day attend your Honour, and at least endeavour, by my gratitude, to deserve the favours which you so undeservedly bestow on me." —

*Baron.* "You mistake me, if you imagine that I think myself disinterested in my

invitation, or that I merit gratitude for it : I merely fulfil my duty, and a vow that I have made, to receive the first foreigner who should visit our country, at my castle, and render his stay here as agreeable as possible. But now I have several petitions and proposals to make to you ; will you be so good as to give me your attention ?”

*Wolfgang.* “ Your generosity and courteousness quite confound me : command me, and in whatever it is in my power, I will obey you.”

*Baron.* “ I wish to receive you at my castle as an intimate acquaintance, as a friend. The clothes which you now wear, and your trading in mouse traps and hatchets, would make this, if not impossible, at least too particular ; for the peasants of our country are, from a very unpardonable prejudice, extremely distrustful of, and really churlish towards all foreigners, and especially the Italians.”

*Wolfgang.* “ That I have experienced myself ; for their inhospitable behaviour obliged me yesterday, against my will, to seek my fortune here at the ale-house.”

*Baron.* “ For the reason already mentioned, which is strengthened by what you say, it is my advice and request that you will lay aside your present clothes and your trade, unless some secret vow expressly forbids this, while you continue with me, and appear in a more suitable dress. I assure you that you will attain the purpose which perhaps brings you here, far better than under the character you have assumed.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Noble Sir, I do not understand you; but it is to me more and more certain that you mistake me. It is impossible for me to do what you desire! this purse contains my whole stock of money; there are seven florins in it, and some kreutzers: judge yourself whether that is sufficient for clothing me genteelly; and would I——”

*Baron.* “ Permit me to put in a word. I know very well, that you have but little money with you, and may not have more; and for this reason, I intreat you to permit me to provide every thing that is necessary for you.”

*Wolfgang.* “ I permit!—I can no more make any answer to this than to much that has passed before. If you will make a poor devil happy! if you have really promised to receive a stranger with fatherly kindness, and



if I am to be this fortunate person, I must, I shall acknowledge it with the greatest gratitude. I can make no other answer to your noble, generous proposals."

*Baron.* "Let us embrace! we will, we certainly shall, become intimate friends! And now hear what I have to say: I had a son; he was of your age, of your size, and you resemble him very much in countenance. He died last year at the University, and his clothes were sent to me. My grief, for having lost an only son so early in life, has never permitted me to open this box, and I long ago destined the contents of it to the service of some poor traveller: here is the key; the box stands by the door, and shall be brought in directly. I will wait below till you have dressed yourself, and then take you in my carriage to my castle, (*looks at his watch,*) it is almost noon, and we have therefore no time to lose."

The Baron von Tiefenthal now left the room with many compliments, and Wolfgang stood lost in astonishment; he had not recovered when the busy hostess and her maid came in, bringing with them a large heavy box, which they sat down at his feet.

"I lay a wager, noble Sir," said the hostess, as the maid went out of the room, "that

you would not so long have refused to accompany our noble Baron to the castle, if you had known who you will find there !”

*Wolfgang.* “ Who can I find there whom I know, or who can interest me ?”

*Hostess (in a low voice.)* “ A charming, beautiful, most lovely, delicious creature our noble Lady Louisa ; she is now only sixteen, but has the understanding of a woman of eighty ; she reads continually, plays on the harpsichord—in short, far and near you will not find her equal. And some time or other she will be rich, very rich ; she is heiress to two estates, is—but here I stand and prattle, forgetting that you have to dress. Don’t be long, for the noble Baron waits below.”

She withdrew, with a deep courtesy, and left Wolfgang to look into the box at his pleasure ; it stood there for some time unlocked, but at last he opened it, and broke out into new wonder and transports at the sight of the splendid clothes which it contained. I should be too diffuse if I were to describe all the awkward, comical process of his dressing ; he was more than an hour about it, but was at last equipped like one of the first beaux. He had on a suit of blue laced clothes ; his long black hair, which he usual-

ly wore twisted in a hard queue, was untied, and carelessly put up with a comb, the rest of it fell in ringlets about his face, better than any hair dresser could have done it, as it curled naturally; a large hat, which, after the custom of that time, was also laced and ornamented with a feather, gave him completely the look of a cavalier; at least, so the hostess asserted, who had been for some time at the door; this was confirmed afterwards by the host, and, at last, by the Baron von Tiefenthal himself, who embraced him, called him his newly-found, his second son; and conducting him to the carriage, drove away with him with the greatest delight.

Wolfgang permitted all this in silence; he really believed himself dreaming, and dreaded awakening too soon from so agreeable an illusion. He was continually examining his fine clothes, or stroking down the ruffles of his shirt, and felt the greatest impatience to have an opportunity of viewing himself in a looking-glass. The Baron was very talkative, and often entreated him quite to forget his former rank. Wolfgang answered merely in monosyllables, and first remarked, almost at the end of their ride, that he had been very ungrateful to the host and hostess, and never thanked them for the generous reception which they had given him.

“ If you are so conscientious,” answered Tiefenthal, “ you may do this to-day, but perhaps you will be able to reward these people in another manner.” As he ended this speech, they stopped at the castle. A servant assisted them both out of the carriage; and Wolfgang going up the steps to the house, by the side of his new host, was carried by him into a room, where they found his daughter plying upon the harpsichord. “ There, Louisa,” said the Baron, “ I bring you a guest who has promised to walk, and sing, and read pretty books with you, to pass away your time when I am hunting.”

After this introduction Wolfgang made some awkward bows, and would have said something of the favor and honor of being acquainted with her; but he could not arrange his ideas properly, and was obliged to leave it to her imagination to fill up what he had murmured in broken sentences. Louisa, who had been already apprized of his arrival, paid her compliments to him, and congratulated herself on having the happiness of becoming acquainted with a man who was so much of a traveller. “ Italy,” she said, “ has always been described to me as a Paradise, and I hope to hear from you a more particular account of that charming country.” Wolfgang, whom Nature had endowed with a

good portion of wit and understanding, now summoned all his powers in order to make some reply to the fair lady. He assured her, somewhat diffusely indeed, but yet with a great deal of *naivete*, that it was impossible Italy should deserve to be called a Paradise, because it wanted the principal requisite, a fair Eve; but that Germany justly deserved that appellation, because he now enjoyed in it the happiness of paying his respects to the fairest Eve in the world.

Father and daughter united in admiring, and laughing at this sally, and Wolfgang got time to examine himself in a large looking glass, to which he stood opposite. He found that, dressed in his fine clothes, he was really handsome, and might very well perform the part of cavalier: this conviction made him vain, and lessened his bashfulness; he looked about more unreservedly, and fixed his eyes full on Louisa's; she was not able to bear this rather free look, and cast her's modestly to the ground. Wolfgang was a very fine man, and Louisa one of the most delicate of woman; but there was a striking contrast between them, as will appear from the following descriptions.

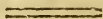
Wolfgang was in person tall, strong, and well-made; his complexion was sun-burnt,



he had a high colour in his cheeks, and large black eyes, with altogether a handsome face, and long shining black hair.

Louisa was rather little, her form remarkably fine, if any thing rather too slender, her hair very light, her complexion delicately fair, the colour in her cheeks pale, and her eyes of the clearest blue.

A summons to table put an end to their conversation. Louisa presented her hand to Wolfgang; but he, instead of accepting it, made a silent bow, and went out of the room before her, and she followed, in the full conviction that this must be the custom in Italy. His rustic behaviour at table was viewed by her in the same light; and informing her opinion of him, she determined that when he was better acquainted with German manners, and had acquired a little French politeness, he would be a very agreeable man, and highly deserving her esteem.



### C H A P. III.

**T**HE company at table had just emptied their last glass of wine, in which the Baron and his daughter had once more drank the

health of their new guest, as the sound of a post-horn drew them to the window. A carriage with four fine horses drove up to the door, and the Countess von M—— alighted from it.

The Baron von Tiefenthal, who never remembered having the honor of a visit from her before, hastened with his daughter to meet her excellency. Wolfgang remained in the room, and was thinking, with great anxiety, how long this agreeable dream would last, as the Baron returned, handing in the Countess.

All his former confusion was now renewed, for he knew not how he ought to behave to this lady, and yet sincerely wished not to put his kind host to the blush for him. Tiefenthal had in the meantime conducted the Countess to the sofa, and turning to Wolfgang, said, “Her Excellency the Countess von M——.” Then turning towards her, and presenting him to her, “This,” he said, “is a very good friend of mine from abroad, who will do me the honor of spending some time at my castle.” Wolfgang bowed very profoundly to her, and to his astonishment she continued standing, and returned his salutation in the most courteous manner.

*Countess.* “ I esteem it a particular honor, Sir, to become acquainted with you ; may I take the liberty of asking your name ? ”

*Wolfgang.* “ I—I am called properly—.”

*Baron (interrupting him.)* “ Your Excellency sees the confusion of my friend. Certain circumstances prevent his making his name known in this country ; he is come *incognito*, and means to continue so during his stay here ; but I have the honor of assuring your Excellency, that my friend is descended from a very old and respectable family, and that it is neither from guilt, nor misfortune, that he is induced to conceal his name.

*Countess.* “ That I should have believed, Baron, without your assurance. My dear unknown, you must pardon me for calling you thus, come and sit by me ! Oh nearer, nearer than that ! do you take the German women for prudes ; or, what would be certainly a great compliment to us, as too dangerous to approach.

Wolfgang made no answer to this, but drew his chair nearer to the Countess.

*Countess.* “ You cannot imagine how much I esteem travelled, and consequently



learned men ; how much I enjoy their conversation, and the account of their adventures. Do you come directly from Italy ? or———”

*Baron.* “ I beg your Excellency’s pardon ! My friend does not come out of Italy, he never was there ; he is no Italian.”

Wolfgang was quite lost in astonishment at these assertions ; he could not in the least comprehend why his host should tell the Countess such direct falsities.

*Countess (much surprised.)* “ No Italian ! never been in Italy ! I could have sworn, would have wagered my little face, all my moderate share of understanding, that your unknown friend was an Italian. His Roman nose, his black eyes, and black hair, seem to prove it clearly ; but one may be mistaken, and one may be also, from private reasons, purposely misled. What say you to that, Baron ?”

*Baron (confused).* “ I can only repeat what I have already said.—Will your Excellency drink a dish of coffee ? Louisa, ring the bell, and let us have coffee directly.”

The conversation now took another turn : the Countess protested against having coffee ; the Baron persisted in having it, and it was brought. They talked of the weather, of husbandry, of state affairs, and whenever the Countess addressed any question to the stranger, Tiefenthal constantly interrupted it by some other question, so that Wolfgang, to his great satisfaction, played the part of a mere spectator, and only now and then expressed his applause, or surprise, by his looks. After many very visible, but ineffectual experiments to become better acquainted with him, the Countess at last rose from her seat. The Baron indeed begged to enjoy the honor of her company longer, but this she did not comply with, as the sun was then very far gone down, and she wished to return before it was set. She took leave, with many compliments, and regretted extremely that she had not become more sociable with the foreign gentleman. " You have really," she said to Wolfgang, " scarcely spoken a word to me the whole time that I have been here. You know very well that I may with justice take it ill of you."

*Wolfgang.* " Your Excellency, pardon  
 \_\_\_\_\_"

*Countess (laughing.)* " That I am silent again already ! Well well, I forgive you wil-

*Wolfgang.* “Such a design I should certainly never have guessed; but I guess your Excellency’s perfectly. You joke with me, you would make sport of me, and however this jest vexes me in respect of my benefactor, I must be content with it. But I beg your Excellency to consider, that the Baron von Tiefenthal knows me; that he knows, as well as you do, that I am a poor Savoyard; that I did not conceal my situation from him, but have earnestly warned him from every mistake; and he has assured me that it is merely on account of a vow he has made to make a poor foreigner happy, that he entertains me so generously.”

*Countess.* “Oh the generous man! But that you should be caught in such a trap I really could not have believed. Yet you believe, and say what you will, what appears necessary to you.—Pardon, my dear Signor, my interfering in matters which do not concern me. I promise you not to speak another word on the subject. I only entreat you to permit me, when I one day pay my congratulatory visit on the happy marriage, to remind you of this, and that I may at the same time call on you to witness, that we Germans sometimes know more than we appear to know.”

*Wolfgang.* “ I do not in the least understand your excellency. This must be the clearest proof to you that you deceive yourself in your opinion. Every thing which has happened to me since yesterday is to me a perfect riddle.”

*Countess.* “ I believe it with all my heart.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Sometimes I am certain that there exists a mistake respecting my person : and then again I cannot comprehend how such a mistake can subsist, as I have done all in my power to prove that I am the person I give myself out to be.”

*Countess.* “ That I must bear witness to ! You have already repeated it to me so often, that it would be folly, or rather ill-breeding, to doubt it.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Will your Excellency permit me to ask one question ? Forgive the liberty which I shall take in it, but circumstances urge me to it.”

*Countess.* “ My dear Signor, ask me what you will, you shall find me ready to answer you sincerely in every thing.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Are you not also mistaken in my person ? Do you really take me for

what I am, for a poor Savoyard who has no fortune, nothing which he can call his own ?”

*Countess.* “ I—I certainly consider you as such, and believe it firmly.”

*Wolfgang.* “ And yet ride with me in a carriage !”

*Countess.* Ride with you in a carriage !”

*Wolfgang.* “ Treat me as one of your equals !”

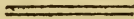
*Countess.* “ I not only treat you so; but I shall esteem it the greatest honour if you think me your equal.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Comprehend it who can, I am not able ! I have often heard wonderful histories of the peculiar good fortune of some men ; but such luck, such honour has never happened to any one before. Yesterday I worked for my bread, and to-day ride in a carriage with four horses, with an illustrious lady, and hear, from the mouth of the same lady, that she will reckon it an honor if I consider her as my equal. Pardon me, your Excellency, I am a simple man ; I do not understand making compliments, but I feel this



honour, this happiness very strongly. I am so moved, so—so—I should not be able to restrain my tears, if I had not once heard that illustrious ladies think tears a disgrace.”

*Countess.* “Heaven preserve us from such an opinion: The sensibility of a man is always affecting to us, and if he only appears to weep, our tears flow directly. I give you the clearest proof of this myself, (*she wipes the tears from her eyes*)——But, my dear Signor, we forget the purpose of our ride! We are to enjoy the fine evening together, and we shall hardly do that shut up in the carriage. Let us walk through the avenue; the coach may go on before us.”



#### C H A P. IV.

**A**S Wolfgang and the Countess got out of the carriage, she presented her hand to him, and he, by this time, understood that he ought to accept a hand so offered. They went arm in arm, through the dark avenue, and the Countess displayed all her sensibility in admiring the beauties of nature, on which

Wolfgang let her expatiate without interruption, for he was occupied with feelings of a different kind. His companion's arm lay negligently in his, and the novelty of this situation to him, excited emotions which he had never felt before. He now first saw, as his eyes wandered insensibly towards her, that the Countess was a young and beautiful woman. Her large eyes, her full cheeks, and fine person, pleased him extremely, and fully employed his imagination. Might I, thought he, but once call such a woman mine, such a woman must be heaven upon earth! I would willingly part with my laced coat again, willingly work for my bread these six years, if I might but one day have such a woman; willingly——But it would be tiresome, if I were to relate all the projects which came into his head. Those, who have been in similar circumstances, will be very well able to fill up the chasm which I leave here; and those, who have never felt any thing of the kind, will thank me for dropping the subject.

Seldom, very seldom, and that only in phlegmatic mortals, is love accustomed to come on slowly, step by step: it comes on, if I may so express myself, in full gallop, surprises the secure unawares, and generally wounds him mortally. Like the water-spout no rain, not even a single drop of moisture

previously falling, announces its approach; the cloud bursts suddenly, and the unprepared traveller, finds himself up to the neck in water, and carried forward by the potent stream, before he knows whence the power came which hurries him irresistibly down into the valley. Any body is welcome to laugh at this simile; it appears laughable even to me, and, nevertheless, I shall let it remain; because a water-spout and impetuous love have often very similar effects, both being destructive, but passing away again rapidly. The black cloud promises refreshment to the thirsty land, and always lays it desolate. The lover hopes to enjoy the most perfect felicity in the arms of his beloved, and sinks under the too abundant possession of the happiness for which he sighed.

But to return to Wolfgang, whom my readers left, like the unsuspecting traveller up to the neck in water, or to lay aside my simile, falling desperately in love. The Countess, at last, quite tired of talking without having any answer—for it is very hard to find oneself not attended to—was silent for some time, and then asked him, rather with a tone of reproof, why he spoke so little, and paid no attention to what she said? Wolfgang took no more notice of this question, than he had done of what had passed before.



He looked towards heaven, and offered up a silent prayer that he might one day be blessed with the object of his wishes, forgetting that she was now by his side. His persevering silence made the Countess observe him attentively, and, not unacquainted with love and its symptoms, she soon decided that he was under the influence of that passion; and conjectured that his imagination now carried him back to the beloved of his heart, with whom he was perhaps wishing to enjoy this glorious evening. As nothing is more tormenting than a curiosity to learn the truth of such an idea, she resolved to gratify it; and her speaking only being of no effect, she took more forcible means of rousing him. "Signor," she cried, and shook him by the arm, "where are you? What is come to you?"

*Wolfgang* (as if awakened from a deep sleep.) "I—I, (rubbing his forehead) what has happened to me?"

*Countess.* "That I know not; and am extremely desirous of learning. You have walked by me a quarter of an hour without speaking a word; looked to heaven as if you were in an ecstasy, and appeared to forget the whole world."

*Wolfgang.* "I—I know not, I was really musing."

*Countess.* (*laughing.*) “ Yes, yes, that you certainly were; and shall I interpret this musing? Shall I tell you what it was about?”

*Wolfgang.* “ That your Excellency cannot do, that you shall never guess.”

*Countess.* “ No, we will see: This walk reminds you of a similar one, which you took once in your own country. You were then with the object of your affections: then found, perhaps for the first time, an opportunity hesitatingly to avow your love, and were favourably heard. The remembrance of those happy moments engage your imagination so much, that you forget yourself and every thing else.—Well, do you take me now for a prophetess? Shall you, in future, place more confidence in my penetration?”

Wolfgang sighs deeply.

*Countess.* “ If you confirm it with such deep sighs, you will make me proud of my art. I have a great inclination to ask the name of this envied fair one, if it will not betray too much curiosity in me; and I have hopes of your gratifying it.—No, if you are so inflexibly silent, and will not give me, even by a yes or no, encouragement for farther conversation, then I must and shall re-

mind you that I am a woman, and as women have a general claim to a man's attention, consequently I ought not to be thus slighted."

*Wolfgang.* "How willingly would I, your Excellency——."

Before Wolfgang could speak another word, he felt somebody from behind pulling him; he looked round, and a man, wrapped in a great coat, stood close by him. "Sir, he said, "one expects you with the most anxious impatience."

*Wolfgang.* "Me, who?"

*Countess.* "Alas! undoubtedly a messenger from the Baron von Tiefenthal. It is certainly very uncivil of me to rob him so long of his new guest; but really, on his side, it is not polite to take him away from me in this manner. But I must give way to the Baron's older and more important claims. I willingly let you go therefore; yet with one condition which you must promise solemnly to keep. Will you do this?"

*Wolfgang.* "Your Excellency has only to command with me. Whatever is in my power, my abilities——"

*Countess.* “ Oh you are too complaisant, I do not ask so much; I ask nothing that shall cost you power or abilities. To-morrow at dinner you must be my guest, and I merely desire it before you take leave, your promise that you will be so.

*Wolfgang.* “ I shall certainly come.”

*Countess.* “ Give me your hand in assurance of it (*pressing it softly.*) I expect you then for certain (*with a friendly look ;*) and shall really take it for an affront and neglect if you do not come.”

*The man in the great coat.* “ Sir, every minute is reckoned.”

*Countess.* “ Very punctual ! but no matter ! we shall meet to-morrow. Till then, Signor, good night, We will renew our conversation when I see you, for you have not yet satisfied my curiosity. Farewel.”

The Countess departed, with a very friendly glance at Wolfgang, and after she had gone some steps, turned and nodded to him once more, a kind adieu; as he, quite transported, followed her with his eyes.

He would probably have stared after her as long as she was in sight, if his new compa-

nion had not again admonished him to hasten his departure. Sir, he said, it is full time, You must follow me,——I am ready, said Wolfgang, somewhat peevishly : and his conductor went on directly without saying another word.

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## C H A P. V.

**I**N the certain conviction that this was a messenger from the Baron von Tiefenthal, sent to bring him back to his castle, Wolfgang followed him, and without observing the way which they went, gave himself up to his own thoughts. These, as is natural to suppose, dwelt entirely on the beautiful Countess. She had made so forcible an impression on his heart, it was so full of her charms, that he beheld nothing but her image. He was even thinking seriously, for impetuous love is very bold, how he might declare his passion the next day ; as his conductor, by saying, “ Here we are ; please to walk in,” awakened him from his agreeable dream. To his utter astonishment he now first saw that they were arrived at a poor cottage, the door of which the man in the



great coat opened, and again desired him to go in. — Already too far advanced to return, and still believing that he might perhaps find the Baron von Tiefenthal waiting for him here, he stepped into the room. It had been growing dusk for some time, and the one little window of this place being very dirty, both together occasioned an almost Egyptian darkness. No wonder therefore that Wolfgang, as he went in, saw no one, and was greatly surprised on hearing the following discourse, —

*A voice in a deep rough bass tone.* “Do you bring him at last, James? Do you bring him?”

*Wolfgang’s conductor.* “Yes, I have fulfilled my promise; I have brought him!”

*A languishing Female Voice.* “Did he follow you willingly?”

*James.* “I cannot say that, but I did not stir from his side, and would not have done it on any account.”

*The bass voice.* “Where did you find him?”

*James.* “Where else should I find him?”



but with the Countess, with whom he was walking arm in arm."

*The Female Voice, in a disconsolate tone.*

"Ah wretched, wretched me!"

*The bass voice.* "Weep not, Clara, weep not, there must, there shall be something done now, either—or, so I have resolved, and so it shall be, James, light a candle. Sir, sit down."

Wolfgang stood there in amazement, and what had just passed did not tend at all to lessen it. He heard the order for a light with great pleasure; as the entrance of this, he reasonably expected, would produce the quickest and best explanation of their probable mistake. James came in at last with the so much wished for candle, which afforded indeed only a scanty, but yet sufficient light for the display of the bare black walls of this room, and a tall haggard-looking man, who sat upon a decayed bench in one corner of it, resting his arm upon a still more decayed table, and looking earnestly at Wolfgang. His white hair testified his being old, and his clothes, which betrayed indigence, that he had been a soldier, as there might yet be discriminated upon them the facing of an uniform.

Wolfgang kept his eyes fixed on this old man, impatiently expecting that he would now perceive his error, acknowledge it, and beg his pardon. To his astonishment, he at last arose from his seat, and seized two pistols which were lying by him upon the table, and which Wolfgang now first saw. He put them, with great coolness, under his arm, took the light with the other hand, and going up to Wolfgang, "Sir, he said, "we have never seen each other before; and woe to me, woe to you, that we are obliged to see one another now, follow me." They went together to the side of a miserable straw bed, upon which lay a woman, whose face wore the pallid hue of death; her eyes were closed, and her whole appearance was that of extreme illness.

*The Old Man (holding the light near her.)*

"Villain! there, you see your work! Clara, dear Clara, awake, he is here, darling Clara, do you not hear me?"

*James.* "How should she hear you? At sight of this wretch she has fainted again. Was it but the calm of death, her sorrows would be ended!"

*Old Man.* "Villain, infamous, detestable villain, seducer of my dear good child,

all, all your work, Oh we have a long, a dreadful reckoning to settle: You have deprived me of health, happiness, honour, and the peace of my old age, How will, how can you repay all this?"

*Wolfgang.* "Sir,—"

*Old Man.* "Silence."

*Wolfgang.* "Permit me only—you mistake."

*Old Man.* "Silence I say; the turn for you to speak will come; but, till I have concluded what I have to say, you must not interrupt me, lest my old weak head begin to ferment, and I forget that I would first be the father, and only, if driven to the terrible necessity, the avenger. I am the aggrieved, the deeply injured. I am the accuser, you the accused. Let me end my complaint, and then you can speak. She (*pointing to the woman*) shall be the judge between you and me. If she would have compassion shewn you, it shall be so; if she requires vengeance, then, villain, I shall require it also; and if there be a God in heaven, the protector of innocence, it will be poured on you in full measure running over. Review

your own conduct, and if your misdeeds admit of no excuse, if you have nothing to urge in your defence against my complaints, then acknowledge your crimes to your judge, and throw yourself on her mercy. Oh ! she is a tender, a compassionate judge ! compassionate as heaven itself, whose very image she once was !”

*Wolfgang.* “ Dear, good Sir ! let me only—”

*Old Man.* “ Silence, wretch ! I perceive you will irritate me to violence, will make me an assassin in my old age ! But, mark me ; if you are not silent, if you interrupt me again, one of these pistols shall lay you dead at my feet ; and, in the presence of the eternal upright Judge on high, you shall receive your sentence ! Woe, woe to thee ! it would sound horribly !—Now hear my complaint, dear Father in Heaven ! (*he takes off his hat lays the pistol within it, and clasps his hands together*) hearken to it, and, if the obdurate wretch shall refuse to render satisfaction, write it in thy universal register ! But if he sink repentant at her feet, and promise to atone for his offences, let it be blotted out—let the numberless tears shed by this unhappy creature efface it for ever ?

“ I am now sixty-eight years old ; from my earliest youth I have struggled with sorrow, poverty, and misery of various kinds. Five and forty years I have served my prince with inviolable fidelity ; I have fought valiantly in support of his rights ; been five times wounded, and am now, in my old age, dismissed without reward as a cripple, and am even destitute of a maintenance !—Dear God and Father in heaven, thou art an all-wise Being ! thou knowest the most secret thoughts of men ! before thy all seeing eyes, I now stand in the undisguised simplicity of my heart, and ask thee if I have ever murmured at these things ? have ever once complained of this injustice ? have ever repented shedding my blood in the service of my country ? Oh be thou a severe Judge over me, if I do not speak the truth ! If I have uttered a falsehood, annihilate me, rob me of the only hopes which have consoled me in all my misery, that thou wilt reward me hereafter for all that I have suffered here.

“ The joys of life have been measured to me with a penurious hand. Three times only, during the long course of my existence, have I enjoyed perfect happiness ; once when my excellent, my charming, my beloved wife united her hand to mine, when she vowed to be mine for ever, and courageously to



to share with me whatever afflictions thou mightest send for our trial ; again, when this son was born to me ;—and, for the last time, when this daughter came into the world. But that joy was of short duration ; for her life was her mother's death ; her birth robbed me of my support, my joy, my all !

“ Lord ! Father of all men ; Searcher of all hearts ; thou knowest the agony of my soul, the weight of sorrow with which I was oppressed, as I approached her corpse, and, for the last time, clasped her clay cold hand, and bade her farewell for ever ; Oh the feeling of that moment ; it was like the last gasp of suffocation ; But I recovered my fortitude, repressed the tears which were beginning to flow, and seizing my children, folded them to my breast, and cried, ‘ You shall one day repair to me what I have lost, and thou Father in Heaven, wilt reward to the deceased a thousand fold, her love and fidelity !’

“ Eternal God ! I now present myself again before thy judgment seat, with these two children, the only treasure which thou ever gavest me, and ask thee if I have not fulfilled my paternal duty with the strictest integrity ? If I have not done every thing for them that lay in my power ? If I have not often eaten the coarsest bread myself, that I might be able to buy the best for my poor little ones ? If I



have not as they grew older, often pinched myself to pay a master for them, who would instruct them in thy religion, and in various kinds of knowledge? If I— but I will not reckon the performance of my duty any merit, for it cost me little, as I found my greatest pleasure in cherishing these young plants. I seek merely to prove that I performed my duty faithfully, and therefore had reason to hope for reward, not punishment. And yet, omnipotent, righteous God! yet is the latter in full, in over-full measure, fallen on me!

“ This maiden, whom I here present before your judgment seat, wretched and struggling with death as she now is, once bloomed like a rose, and was not less innocent and pure! She was the comfort of my old age, and should have been also its support. When I engaged to instruct my son in his duty towards his Sovereign and his country, when I went with him against the enemy, then I recommended her to thy Almighty protection. Without thy will, thou sayst thyself in thy Divine revelation, not a sparrow falleth to the ground. On this promise I relied, and went quite easy into the field, to present my old body to the balls of the adversary. In the mean time came this villain, (*pointing to Wolfgang*) whose feigned love

to this inexperienced creature, and won her innocent heart; polluted her pure soul with voluptuous ideas, painted to her imagination the most charming representations of the future, and beguiled her of her honour and peace of mind.

“ When the poor fallen one perceived the consequences of her folly, and mourned it with the bitterest tears and lamentations, the seducer swore to be a father to her child, and left her, as he said, only to obtain his father’s consent to their union, and then return to her arms. Daily she expected his arrival, but daily expected it in vain. A letter, sent without her knowledge, acquainted me with her sorrows, and I flew to console her. The pain which I felt at the first sight of her, I will not describe, Oh God! thou wast witness of my sufferings, thou heardst, for the first time, my complaints; The lovely rose was faded, her happiness annihilated, all my hopes trodden in the dust, all my prospects darkened! Lord, in thy presence I swore to demand revenge, to take revenge on the villain who had so shamefully abandoned her, and who, perhaps in some distant place, makes a jest of her’s, and her afflicted father’s sorrows. My heart was hardened, but her tears softened it; and, at her irresistible entreaties I promised to for-

give the wretch if he would marry her, whom he had forsaken, and become the acknowledged father of her child.

“ With her I have followed his footsteps till we came to this cottage, and here she has given birth to a child who has no father. Nurtured with misery, with tears in its mother’s womb, it died in the hour of its birth, and went out of the world a bastard! (*he throws aside the covering of the bed, and points to a dead child lying by the side of its senseless mother.*) Look there, villian! it is your child! you are its father and its murderer. Its spotless soul now stands as your accuser before the judgment-seat of God. This innocent creature, also sacrificed by you, who is, perhaps, even now, released by death from her calamities, was my child, my daughter! Oh my heart breaks, I can no longer support my misery! Forgive me, Almighty Father, I must complain, Oh it almost choakes me. I must weep (*he wipes the tears from his eyes.*) Eternal God! let not my lamentations rise up in judgment against their author, if, moved by my sorrows, he repents his crimes, will awaken the sufferer from her swoon with his caresses, and restore her smiling to my arms, as I was accustomed to see her in our happier days!

Man (*he grasps Wolfgang's hand,*) if your heart be not of stone, if your soul be not quite depraved, pity this poor creature, who in spite of all her sorrows, all the nameless miseries which you have brought on her loves you still, tenderly, sincerely loves you! Inhuman wretch, hear how she shames you, what a pearl you have cast away! This child died two days ago, but we have not ventured to take it from her yet. In her short intervals of recollection, she presses it earnestly to her breast, and laments that her only remembrance of you should become the prey of corruption. Ah you weep, you are moved! God has blessed my words! I have finished—do you begin now! but this I must tell you, had you beheld this scene unmoved I would have fired these pistols through your head, and then surrendered myself up to justice. I have killed the murderer of my child, and of my grandchild, I would have said; condemn me if you can condemn me!”

The sight of the suffering female and the dead child, with the harsh language of the injured father, had made so strong an impression on Wolfgang's ingenuous heart, that he wept bitterly, and inwardly cursed the author of all these sorrows as fervently as the wretched parent himself. It was now his turn to speak, for the old man was silent, and

awaited his determination; but he was too much affected, at present, to attempt entering on the explanation necessary to his acquittal, and indeed felt that it would be in pain till the swooning female was recovered. For as it plainly appeared from the old man's discourse that her seducer was not known either to him or his son, she was consequently the only person who could, at once, set right this mistake. As he began therefore to recover himself, and to reflect on what had passed, he waited anxiously for the moment when her returning senses would enable her to see this error, and acknowledge his innocence.

But this moment came not. Tortured and debilitated as she had been by all her sufferings, this unfortunate creature could not support the account of her betrayer's being walking arm in arm with another woman, at the very time when, according to her hopes and ideas, he was returning to her. This last blow snapped the thread of life; and while her father was endeavouring to soften the heart of her seducer towards her, her soul was flown to a better world, there to receive a recompence for all its wrongs.

The old man, who watched Wolfgang's emotions, and saw how earnestly he looked at his daughter, went up at last to her bed.



“Clara,” he said, “dear Clara, revive, awake to joy, to happiness, your deceiver weeps, he loves you still: How often, with the bare possibility of this being so, have I roused you from the strongest swoon, will you not revive at the certainty of it? (*he seizes her hand*;) hear what your fond old father says to you, What is this? Her hand is stiff, cold, Clara, are you dead? (*sinking back*) Ah she is! she is!”—

James, who had hitherto stood silent, now sprang forwards and raised the old man upon the bench; then, with a countenance full of anxiety, he approached his sister's bed, and, in a mournful tone, confirmed the old man's apprehensions. A long and awful pause ensued; the father and son, in deep despondency, felt themselves destitute of all consolation; and Wolfgang, full of anxiety as to what the issue of this affair might now be, sought in vain for any hopes of its coming to a happy conclusion. The old man at last broke silence: like a lioness, robbed of her young, he started up suddenly, and seized the trembling Wolfgang by the breast—“You have snatched her away from me, You have killed her,” he cried with a dreadful voice. “Are you omnipotent, then revive her again! but if you are not, then despair, no, pray, pray, your hour is come: you must be sacrificed



for my child, I will not be answerable for your future wickedness, will not suffer you to mislead more daughters, to make more unhappy fathers! you must die. Your father also shall feel what it is to have his dearest hopes borne to the grave, to be, with one stroke, robbed of all the joy of life, Why did he give existence to such a villain?"

Wolfgang, who now perceived that silence would only aggravate his misfortune, who was conscious of his innocence, and that, by an extraordinary accident, he was in danger of being made to expiate the fault of another, had now recourse to entreaties. He conjured the raving father to be calm for some minutes, and hear what he had to say; and, if he did not then find him quite innocent of this crime, he would willingly undergo the ignominious torture of the most dreadful death that could be inflicted on him.

*Old Man (seizing the pistols again, and standing opposite to Wolfgang.)* "What can you say in your defence? How excuse your profligacy, your flight, and your silence? Speak, but woe to you if you do not adhere strictly to the truth; The first lie that you utter, I will shoot you through the head, and you will certainly then go damned out of the world."

*Wolfgang.* “ Only permit me to ask some questions, and consider them well before, through a rash deed, you make yourself and me unhappy. As I understand from what has passed, you have never seen the seducer of your daughter ?”

*Old Man.* “ No, I have never seen the murderer of my daughter.”

*Wolfgang.* “ Has she not often named him, often described his person to you ?”

*Old Man.* “ Oh often! but too often! He had black curling hair like your’s; was like you, hypocritical and flattering; soft and smiling, full of tenderness and love; and yet with a heart, as black as his hair, full of tricks and wickedness.” /

*Wolfgang.* “ Sir, I conjure you, by the soul of your deceased daughter, by your own hopes of salvation, to examine this affair accurately, to listen to me patiently. I will lay before you undeniable, irrefutable proofs that you have mistaken me; that I am quite innocent of the death of your child; that, God be eternally thanked, no such crime oppresses my conscience! I am a foreigner, who——”

*Old Man (furiously.)* How! do you deny the fact? You would avail yourself of the circumstance of my not personally knowing you! Would turn the death of my child to your advantage! would disown this deed, perhaps, to perpetrate future crimes of the same kind! Ah, such an attempt is yet more shameful than her murder! This is your repentance, This the reason of the hypocritical tears with which you endeavor to move my compassion!"

*Wolfgang.* "For God's sake! only listen to me, only——"

*Old Man (more furiously)* "No, compassion were here a sin, die, profligate villain! and try if you can also deceive the Almighty!"

As he said this, he fired a pistol at Wolfgang, but as he trembled extremely, both from age and passion, the ball only passed by his head without hitting him.

Self-defence and preservation are mechanical. Every one who falls, without knowing it, puts his hand before his face, as in the greatest danger of being injured by the fall; and every one who is attacked, endeavors to defend himself on the same mechanical principle. When the old man,

therefore, aimed the second pistol at Wolfgang, the latter seized his arm, and struggled with him for it. James hastened to the assistance of his father, and, at this moment the pistol went off, and shot him through the head, as he was bending forward to lay hold of Wolfgang's arm.

James fell instantly, and, in his fall, extinguished the light which stood by Clara's couple. The old man had been thrown down in the scuffle; and, not knowing that he had killed his son, he called to him for help, and raved with the greatest desperation.

Wolfgang, who merely wished to save his life, not revenge himself, took this opportunity of trying to make his escape. He had reached the door just as it was opened, in a great hurry, by a peasant who lived in the same cottage, and who now came in with his servants on the alarm of hearing the pistols, with a firebrand, by way of light, in his hand. They forced Wolfgang back; and seeing James in the agonies of death, and the old man struggling upon the ground raving with all the frenzy of despair, on the murder of his child, it is no wonder that they took the former for the perpetrator of this deed, and, without listening to his ex-

cuses, bound him, and dragged him out of the house directly. They threw him down in the yard, and one of the servants was left to watch him, while the others returned into the room to the assistance of those within.

After a short interval, the peasant came out again, and ordered his servant to make haste, and put the horses to the waggon, and carry the murderer before the Justice immediately. He stood guard himself while the servant went to execute this order; and though Wolfgang earnestly endeavoured to prove his innocence to him, his proofs made not the least impression on the peasant. "Defend yourself as you can before the Justice," he said; "it is of no use your doing it to me. But it will be a hard matter for you to prove your innocence there. The wounded man is already dead; the old man lies in the last extremity, and will soon be dead also. How it is with the daughter I do not know yet myself, but probably not much better, for she is as cold as ice, and as stiff as a board. It is very possible that you may have the lives of all these to answer for, I would not take one of them on my conscience."

Wolfgang, who shuddered as much at this account as the good-hearted peasant himself,

now entreated that they would carry him either to the Baron von Tiefenthal, or the Countess von M——. “Both know me,” he added, “and both will attest my innocence.”

“Tell all this to our Justice,” said the peasant; “if he believes what you say, it is no concern of mine; I have fulfilled my duty, and wash my hands of it. But you may be sure that I shall openly witness against you what I saw and heard. It is detestable to murder any man, but it is doubly detestable and cruel to murder such excellent people; and if you are the stray bird, whom the unhappy young creature sought for so earnestly, the Lord be merciful to your poor soul! You will then certainly be damned; for the favour of the great is not current in heaven; the nobleman reckons for no more than the peasant there.”

With such very poor consolation the cottager entertained his prisoner till the servant had put the horses to the waggon. Wolfgang begged that if they would not quite undo the cords with which he was bound, they would, at least, loosen them a little, as they obstructed the circulation of the blood, and occasioned him almost intolerable pain. But his petition was not attended to; they threw him into the waggon, and the servant set off with it directly.



## C H A P. VI.

**W**OLFGANG's situation grew worse every moment; for the cautious peasant had swathed him with cords till the blood was almost stagnated throughout his whole body. He lay nearly senseless in the waggon, when he all at once heard a great noise about him, and several voices plainly call, "Hold! Hold!" He looked up, and perceived a number of horsemen, one of whom held the waggoner by his coat, and asked who he was carrying. "A murderer," answered the man: "do not detain me, for it may be the worse for you."

*A horseman.* "The worse for us, rascal! take care that it is not the worse for you!"

A stroke, with a naked sabre, cleft the waggoner's head, and he fell dead from the horse. "Well done," cried a voice from amongst the crowd which thronged about the waggon, "the fellow must die, or he might betray us!"

*A second Horseman.* “Let us not, with our too great caution, forget the prisoner! I will wager that the fellows have laced him so together, he can scarcely breathe.”

*A third Horseman.* “It must certainly be so, or else he would, at least, have spoken.”

Some of them now raised the benumbed Wolfgang, untied his bands, and placed him in the straw, of which there was abundance in the waggon.

*A Horseman.* “How are you now?”

*Wolfgang.* “Something better.”

*Horseman.* “You answer very weakly though; the amendment can be but just beginning. Anxiety and fear, before the Justice, may have had a strong effect on you. But you might have relied boldly on our assistance.”

*A second Horseman.* “The devil fellow, do not talk so long! recollect that we are not Judges! Hollman, do you get upon the horse, for he is not able to ride yet. Go on as fast as you can, that you may be soon over the frontiers, and stop at the oak. We shall expect you there, or at least not be far behind.”

Hollman got upon the horse, and threw his mantle to Wolfgang. "There," said he, "wrap yourself in that, and sleep away your fear; for when we get home, you must be jovial. We have all resolved to drink your health to night." He now gave the horses a whip, and drove on to the left. The troop of horsemen followed them at first, and afterwards took another route.

To describe Wolfgang's feelings is impossible. Of all the enigmatical occurrences which had befallen him for the last two days the dreadful incidents at the cottage, and his present extraordinary deliverance appeared to him the most so; and though he could only suppose, as in the former instance, that they originated in mistake, he perplexed himself in vain to find out from whence these mistakes could arise, and because so confused with a multiplicity of conjectures on the subject, that he lay, for some time, like a person in a dream. But, as his blood began to circulate again freely, and restored the full powers of his understanding, he gradually lost the recollection of his past, in the examination of his present situation; and, from the singular discourse and behaviour of his deliverers, he soon concluded that he was not in very good company. At first he resolved to enter into conversation with his

driver ; but when he considered that, by this means, they might easily discover their error respecting himself, and that this man might not be pleased to find he was carrying an entire stranger, he thought it best to be silent. Reflecting then on the fate of the poor servant, and the indifference with which he was murdered, he believed, not without reason, that the end of this adventure was to be dreaded, and therefore determined, while it was possible, to make his escape.

As he made this resolution, they were going up a steep, woody hill. It was so dark that Wolfgang could see neither the horses nor driver ; and taking advantage of this favourable obscurity, he crept slowly and silently out of the waggon. They were then at the top of the hill, and to his great joy the man drove on very fast.

Alone, and without any knowledge of the country, Wolfgang stood, for some time, undecided what course to pursue. At first he thought of going back to a village at the bottom of the hill, through which they had passed ; but then recollecting that the horsemen might be behind, whom he by no means wished to meet, he gave up that idea, and sought for a bye-way, which might carry him in security, either to the right or left of the

road. After groping forward for a little while, he saw, notwithstanding the darkness, a road open to the left, upon which he walked forward as fast as possible. This became gradually narrower, and was so steep and rugged that poor Wolfgang laid down at last quite tired, glad rather to await the return of day there, than to go on any farther in such uncertainty.

He soon fell asleep, and did not awake again till the sun was risen, and gave him an opportunity of examining his new lodging, which was in a craggy dell amidst some high rocks, from whence, in the dark, he must have vainly endeavoured to find his way out. After clambering about now for a considerable time, he came to a kind of path which led him from his rocky vale into one of a far more agreeable nature. A beautiful meadow, enamelled with flowers, and surrounded by a thick wood, lay before him; and the lowing of a little herd of cattle, which was grazing not far off, gave him hopes that he was near some inhabited place. Still trembling from the yesterday's adventure, he wished first to see something of the inhabitants of this valley from a distance before he ventured amongst them, and with this view stood for some time under a tree; but as he saw no living creatures besides the herd,



which could not at all satisfy his curiosity, he ventured at last to go on, and soon came in sight of a small neat cottage. Agitated between hopes and fears, he went thither, wrapped in his mantle, and knocked at the door, wishing to obtain there both the means of satisfying his hunger, and a guide to conduct him on his way.

After repeated knocking, an old woman came to the door, asked him, in a very rough manner, why he knocked so violently, and what he wanted there ?

*Wolfgang.* “ Dear mother, I lost myself yesterday in this solitary country. I slept last night in the wood. I do not know my way, and seek now for a guide who may conduct me again to the road.”

*Old Woman (in a milder tone.)* “ Step in here for a little while. When I have cooked my porridge, I will be your conductor myself.”

Wolfgang followed her joyfully into a neat little room, the walls of which were hung with very pretty prints, and altogether gave him the idea that it could not belong to a quite common possessor. He had just accepted the chair which was offered him, as he saw, in one corner of the room, a young

maiden in a neat peasant's dress, who was combing out her long hair, and did not appear to concern herself with the entrance of a stranger. "Make haste, and get yourself ready," said the old woman to her, and then went out to cook her porridge. The maiden now finished her employment, plaited up her hair, and turned round to their guest.

"Good morning, Sir," she said, smiling; "from whence comest thou so early?" It seemed to Wolfgang as if he had heard this voice before. He looked at her, and his surprise was excited to the highest degree; for not only her voice, but her face, her whole figure, her manner, were perfectly like the Countess von M——, with whom he was walking the evening before. Doubting, however, the possibility of finding her here, he looked at the maiden again, and the resemblance appeared to him so strong, that his doubts began to give way to the evidence of his eyes; and he was just going to ask her by what miracle she was there, and in that dress, as the old woman came in with a bowl of porridge, and interrupted his intended questions.

*Old Woman (to the maiden.)* Are you ready at last?—Come, eat a few spoonfuls quickly, and go out; it is high time."

*Maiden (setting herself to the table)* "He will not come so early."

*Old Woman.* "You speak as you think."—

*(To Wolfgang)* "Sir, if you have a mind to eat a few spoonsful, pray seat yourself without any ceremony."

Wolfgang accepted her invitation in silence, and continued looking stedfastly at the maiden, whose likeness to the Countess increased on him, till he thought it certainly must be her; but to his great astonishment she did not appear at all to know him. The old woman in the meantime helped him to some porridge, and begged him not to be afraid to eat.

*Old Woman (to the Maiden.)* "I beg, above all things, that you will make haste, and do not forget a word of what you have been taught, for it is all of importance. Are you sure you are perfect in it?"

*Maiden.* "O yes, quite sure; I can repeat it as perfectly as the Lord's prayer."

*Old Woman.* "Let us try. What will you do when you see him coming up the path?"

*Maiden.* “ I will arise, and go towards him, and say, Good morning, Mr. Wolfgang, from whence comest thou so early ?”

*Old Woman.* “ And if he should ask, how you come to know his name ?”

*Maiden.* “ O dear, Sir, I shall say, I know thee better than thou thinkest. Dost thou not come from Savoy ? dost thou not deal in mouse-traps and hatchels ?

*Old Woman.* “ And if he should say, how come you to know that ?”

*Maiden.* “ Then I shall answer, my mother has told me every thing ; and if thou wouldst know, Sir, of whom she learnt it, go with me to her ; she lives down here in the valley.”

*Old Woman.* “ But if he should say, My good child, I have not time at present ; I must go farther ?”

*Maiden.* “ Then I will speak kindly to him, and entreat him, till he shall at last consent. Leave that to my care ; come he certainly shall if he possesses the least sensibility, and if he should please me.”

*Old Woman.* “ Please, or not please you, that signifies nothing! Remember that your’s and your mother’s happiness depends on it.”

*Maiden.* “ Very right; but yet he must please me, or else I will not bring him.”

*Old Woman.* “ Wicked child! do you call that honouring your parents? do you call that obeying them? if you will not mind any thing else, remember the fifth commandment.”

*Maiden.* “ Well, well! I will think of it. In the meanwhile, adieu.”

*Old Woman.* “ Good luck to you! good luck!”

The maiden took a little basket of cherries upon her arm, and went out without even looking at Wolfgang; whose astonishment, during this conversation, had exceeded all that he had felt before, and by no effort of his understanding could he form any conjecture that seemed plausible enough to elucidate this mystery. The testimony of his senses almost convinced him that the maiden, who had just left the room, was the Countess von M——, with whom he had been walking



the preceding evening, and from whom he was so unpleasantly separated; and the sight of her rekindled in his bosom the passion he then felt for her, and which the unfortunate adventure of the night had suppressed, but not extinguished. Several times he was about to ask her the reason of her being there, and in so different a dress; but her not appearing to know him, and her generally indifferent and even repulsive behaviour towards him checked this inclination.

As he still farther revolved in his mind the strange circumstances of the Countess being there in that dress; being sent out to watch for him, and invite him thither; of her behaving so kindly to him the day before, and now, as if she did not know him; of how they knew that he would come that way; and how he, a poor Savoyard, could be of any importance to their happiness, he became more and more perplexed. Unable to solve this in any other way, he began at last to think that he was pursued by some hostile enchanter, who by his delusions brought him into all these unaccountable adventures.

Some old romances, in which he had learnt to read, had rather given him a turn for the marvellous; and his heated imagina-

tion represented the probability of this, till he felt satisfied that all which had befallen him was the effect of forcery, and he sat in the utmost anxiety, expecting new wonders to arise every moment.

In the meanwhile the old woman, whose face nearly resembled the physiognomy of a witch, as they are described in *Feenmarchen*, and other romances of the kind, was setting the room in order. Wolfgang, who examined her accurately during this time, took her for the wife of the forcerer, and had just resolved to be on his guard against her, as she had finished her business, and came towards him.

*Old Woman.* "When do you wish to go, Sir, and to what road shall I conduct you?"

*Wolfgang.* "To which ever my persecutors have determined on. But, however they may attempt to delude me, I hope to God, that with his assistance, I shall happily overcome all temptation."

*Old Woman (stepping back frightened.)*  
"Heaven protect me, the man is mad."

*Wolfgang.* "Not mad, but perhaps enchanted; But I am under God's protection, and no one shall prevail against me."

As he said this with great emphasis, the old woman thought it best to make her escape, for she believed him to be either a madman or villain, who under that deception, came to rob and murder her. She went backwards to the door, and soon as she had reached it, sprung out in a great hurry.

Wolfgang was still more confirmed in his opinion by her flight, and rejoiced exceedingly that he had, in this manner, avoided all farther temptation. Resolved not to stay any longer in this house, he went to the door; but the cautious old woman had locked it, and was gone to a neighbour for assistance. The fastened door, however, was not so formidable as she was; and, after crossing and blessing himself several times, he endeavoured to get it off the hinges, but notwithstanding his adjurations, and his labour, he was foiled in this attempt. Determined, nevertheless, not to remain here, he got out of the window, and ran forwards. He had scarcely reached the wood, when he saw the old woman and two peasants going to the house. At this sight he redoubled his speed, and darted into the thickest part of it, where he was at last so fortunate as to find a footpath, which led him through a valley, and then up a hill; and here he once more lost all traces of any human beings.

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C H A P. VII.

**A**FTER walking till he was quite faint and tired, Wolfgang paused, and took off the mantle given him in the night by the horseman who drove the waggon, and which he had from that time kept wrapped about him, and folding it up, carried it under his arm. By the height of the sun and his extreme hunger, he guessed it must be about noon, as he came to a more open part of the wood, which he judged to be near the end of it, and going on with renewed alacrity at this prospect, he soon arrived at its termination. The joy which this at first gave him was of short duration; for on looking down a valley directly before him, he perceived, to his utter dismay, that he was opposite the same house from whence he had escaped that morning. Firmly convinced now that he was enchanted and constrained by the art of the old woman to return to this place, he had almost resolved to resign himself quietly to a fate which seemed unavoidable, as he heard a voice not

far from him ; and giving way mechanically to his fear, he sprung into the thicket, and concealed himself under a bush. He distinguished the sound of footsteps very plainly, and looking stedfastly towards the quarter from whence they came, to his great astonishment saw the Countess von M—— approaching, dressed as a lady. She was reading, and walked slowly, followed by two servants, one of whom he immediately recollected as assisting to put him into the carriage the day before. A little dog, which was running after her, coming up to his hiding-place, began barking so violently that the Countess took notice of it, and stopping, ordered one of the servants to see what occasioned his making such a noise. Poor Wolfgang was now soon discovered lying, drawn together in the smallest possible compass ; and like a hair when it is surpris'd, sitting, looking at the dog, not knowing which way to fly ; and the man returned to his mistress with the information, that the foreign gentleman, who was with her yesterday, lay not far off under a bush.

“ How, the Signor here ! ” cried out the Lady, and tried to make her way towards him. Now or never ; you must fly the enchantress, thought Wolfgang, and chose the



former. As he heard her drawing near, he therefore started up, and ran into the thicket. The noise that he made betrayed his flight to the Countess, who called very earnestly after him, "Stop, Signor ! only hear me ! I have something very important to say to you. Indeed I will not ask you what you were doing here !" But all her entreaties to him to stop, had no other effect than to increase his impatience to get away.

As long as I can escape this Syren's voice by flying, thought he, it is happy for me, while he assiduously endeavoured to get through the underwood. His purpose was soon answered, for the Countess was not able to follow him, as her clothes hung in the bushes : and before she could disengage them, he was out of the sound of her voice. He arrived at last, quite fatigued, at the foot of a high hill, which he must either pass over, or return through the wood ; his fear decided for the former, but his extreme weariness induced him to rest a little before he commenced this arduous undertaking.

He had wrapped himself again in his mantle, and laid down in hopes of getting to sleep as the approach of somebody disturbed and alarmed him. He looked up with anxiety

and saw to his utter amazement that it was the Countess von M——, as he had seen her in the morning at the old woman's in her peasant's dress, and with the basket on her arm. Though he crept close to the hill, (for he was unable to fly) it was impossible but she must see him, as she came along a foot-path, which he had not perceived before, directly opposite to where he lay. She stared at him, and stood still in apparant irresolution. In order to conceal her embarrassment, she began to tie her shoe-ribbon, which had got loose, and glanced sideways at Wolfgang as he stood there in his mantle like a statue. He had now an opportunity of seeing one of the prettiest feet in the world; but he purposely turned aside his head, to avoid, as he believed, a temptation thrown in his way by the devil.

When she had tied her shoe, she surveyed him attentively, but did not dare to advance; and he was still silent, but involuntarily stole a look every now and then at this charming creature. At last she began to speak. "Sir," she said, timidly, and came two steps nearer to him, "I hope I have nothing to fear from thee. I am hastening home, for my mother is certainly expecting me with impatience, and I entreat thee not to prevent my going."

*Wolfgang.* “Go, in God’s name! I do not desire your company! But do not betray me. And if you have any compassion for the unfortunate, tell me the nearest way out of this place.”

She now took courage, and darted by him as quick as an arrow. When she was about three steps from him, she turned about, and said, “Sir, if thou art the unhappy murderer whom they have been seeking for to-day in the wood, fly directly over the frontiers; go up the hill to the right, and straight down from thence thou wilt find the way, and mayst get there before night.” Having said this, she soon vanished, and left him in the greatest confusion.

Nothing was really more probable than that he was taken for a murderer, and pursued as such; yet it seemed much more probable to him that this caution was only the deceit of the forcerefs, who, by means of her colleague, wanted to frighten him into following the path to the right, that he might come again to her dwelling, and at last fall into her snare. He resolved therefore to continue his course to the left, and rather to remain all night under a tree—rather to die for want of refreshments, than to go any more into that neighbourhood; and exerting

all his strength, he began to climb the hill. After much labour he arrived at the summit of it, from whence he overlooked the whole country, and saw at his feet a large village, towards which he went, resolved there to enquire his way to the Baron von Tiefenthal's, and if possible to obtain from him his passport his clothes, and his wares, and then for ever leave a country in which he thought the welfare of his soul in danger.

Near him as the village appeared to lie, owing to his fatigue, and accidentally taking the longest way, he did not get there till the evening. Wrapt in his mantle, and without a hat, for he had lost that, he knew not where, the night before he went into the ale-house of the village, and seating himself at the nearest table, asked for a glass of beer and a bit of bread. The host, an unwieldy corpulent man, who was sitting in an old arm-chair, was the only person in the room, and he let him ask two or three times before he went out to fetch what he desired. At last he brought the refreshment so much wanted by Wolfgang, who ate and drank heartily, without observing that the host stood by examining him very narrowly.—“From whence come you thus alone?” said he, after some time; “and which way are you going?”

*Wolfgang* (somewhat confused, but soon recovering himself.) “I come from Nuremberg, and am going to the Baron von Tiefenthal’s whom perhaps you may know.”

*Host.* “O yes, I know him very well; his Castle lies about eight or nine miles from hence.”

*Wolfgang* (much rejoiced at this answer.) “I lost myself in the wood early this morning, and for a long time sought my way out of it in vain, till by good luck I found the path to this village. Will you procure me a guide, who may conduct me to-morrow to the Baron von Tiefenthal’s castle?”

“May be so,” said the host, very phlegmatically, and went out of the room. Two very stout servants soon came in, and seated themselves opposite to Wolfgang, who began to forget the misery that he had endured in the relish of his bread and beer, and the hopes of seeing the Baron von Tiefenthal again, of whose existence, on the evidence of the host, he no longer doubted. Then, thought he, I shall put on my jacket once more, and joyfully quit this enchanted country.”



Scarcely had this passed in his mind, before the host returned with some companions. One of them, who had fetters in his hand, and the two servants, drew near to Wolfgang. "Sir," said this man, "will you yield yourself a prisoner, or must we seize and bind you by force? But I can tell you that resistance will be of no service to you, for care is taken that you shall neither elude nor overpower us; chuse the prudent part therefore, and submit quietly to be fettered."

Wolfgang's surprise at this speech may be easily imagined. "I shall not make any resistance," he said; "do with me what you will, but I am innocent."

"That may possibly be," answered the host; "but probable it certainly is not. The mantle, which the gentleman has about him, was stolen from me, together with many other things, and some money, last week; and whoever has that, most likely knows something of the rest of the property. If the gentleman can give but an account of whom he bought it, or how else he came by it, after duly examining his evidence, we will give the gentleman no farther trouble, but leave him to go peaceably on his way."

“ Yes, if the gentleman can do this,” said the man with the fetters, “ I shall on no account put on the irons. Come, Sir, speak out, where had you the mantle ?”

*Wolfgang* (in great confusion.) “ This mantle ? I found it to-day—to-day, upon the road.”

*Host.* “ Aha ! the old story ! the common cry of all rogues when they are taken with stolen goods ! Neighbour put on the irons. Our Juficiary will foon force him to confeffion. I hope, with God’s affiftance, to get back all I have loft.”

“ I wifh you may with all my heart,” answered the man with the irons, as he faftened them on Wolfgang’s feet, who became contented with his new fituation, becaufe he hoped to prove his innocence before the Juficiary, and to be delivered at laft from the perpetually renewed perplexities, and the eternal anxieties in which he was involved. But as they took off the mantle, and all at once cried out, “ Heavens ! this is the murderer who was fought for fo affiduoufly in the morning ! every thing answers to the defcription of him ! the fame clothes—the fame hair, the fame face ! his courage failed, and he began to weep aloud.—“ God !” he exclaim-

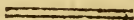
ed, "in what misery, in what sorrow, shall I, though guiltless, be plunged !"

The bye-standers were unmoved by his distress.—"Had you," said one of them, thought of what you were about beforehand, you might have been spared your sighs and tears. But these wash out no blood ; that can only be atoned by blood."

Amidst these comfortable remarks, Wolfgang's hands were bound behind his back, notwithstanding his entreaties against it, and his assurances that he would not fly ; and then all present held a council, how they could most expeditiously convey this dangerous thief and murderer to prison while it was light, that he might not again murder his conductors, and escape as he had done the day before.

Every word of this conversation added to Wolfgang's grief and despair. He had been consoled all day by the firm belief that these terrible adventures had not actually happened, but were only an illusion ; and this was now entirely destroyed, as he heard from every mouth a confirmation of the dreadful history. One lingering hope still remained, that this might be a new delusion ; but this gradually forsook him, as they threw him bound into a

waggon, surrounded by above a dozen armed men, who threatened to shoot him if he attempted to stir, and was completely annihilated, as at last, after a ride of two hours, he was lifted from the waggon, and carried into a dark cave, the door of which was closed after him, and carefully locked.



## C H A P. VIII.

**W**OLFGANG lay weeping upon the cold damp earth, bemoaning his misfortunes, and protesting his innocence in vain ; for no one was near to hear and answer him. The mossy walls indeed re-echoed his sighs, but this afforded him very little consolation. Far better than that was the success of his efforts to set his hands at liberty. The cord, with which they were bound, was accidentally loosened in the waggon, and the negligent attendants had not examined it, as they well knew that even with the use of his hands, he could not force his way through the two iron doors which guarded the entrance of the cave. He was thus able to wind them gra-

dually out of their bonds, and render his situation by this means somewhat less irksome.

Though he had a hard bed, yet he had a quiet conscience; and thus, in consequence of extreme bodily fatigue, he soon fell asleep. About midnight he was awakened by a kind of dull continued knocking; and, starting up still confused with stupor, he rubbed his eyes to see from whence this proceeded, but in the darkness which surrounded him he could distinguish nothing, and awaited, in trembling silence, the event of this noise, which seemed to issue from the farther part of the cave, and varied frequently in the sound. Notwithstanding his being unable to see, fear kept his eyes turned towards this place, when, all at once, he heard a loud crack, and saw a sudden ray of light which fell on the opposite wall; and after the noise of something falling, as if not far from him, the light increased, and by degrees illuminated the whole cave. His hair stood now an end, and he would have moved from the place where he lay, but all his faculties were centred in his ears and eyes; he was otherwise paralysed with terror, and had not the power to stir.



A tall black man now came down into the cave, almost close to Wolfgang, with a belt across his shoulder, marked with several kinds of necromantic figures. In his right hand he carried a lighted torch, in his left a long staff, and under his arm he had a roll of white cloth which he laid upon the ground. Another man soon followed him, who appeared to be dressed in white, and had some tools in his hands; but what they were Wolfgang was not able to discriminate, for he was nearly deprived of all his senses by this unexpected appearance. With the little strength he had remaining, he raised himself from the ground, and, with an agitated and horrible voice, cried out, All good spirits praise God! Scarcely had he uttered these words, before the torch fell from the forcerer's hand, and he and the other man vanished directly.

The torch continued burning, and as Wolfgang came by degrees to the use of his senses, it occurred to him that light was better than darkness; for terror increased with the latter, and lessened with the former. He therefore mechanically seized it, and trembling, surveyed his dwelling. At his feet lay the bundle, and near it a pickaxe and shovel, which the forcerer and his companion had left behind them. In looking carefully about to see if they were hidden there, he saw the

opening which they had made, and through that the starry sky and the moon, whose rays then fell upon him. At this sight the love of freedom, prevalent in every man, but most in the imprisoned man, banished all terror from the heart of Wolfgang, and he thought only of being at liberty.

Without knowing the contents of it, he took the roll of white cloth under his arm, and did not forget the pickaxe, in order, with the assistance of this, to release himself from his fetters. Holding the torch in his hand, he went through the opening, and came into a garden; and having now light enough from the moon, he threw the torch back into the cave, and hastened forwards. He had scarcely gone a hundred steps before he came to an open door, and through that to a plain, the extent of which he was not able to discern. He sat down on the outside of the garden-wall, and striking his fetters with the pickaxe the fastening of them gave way; and thus delivered, he walked briskly along the plain. Being now desirous of seeing what the bundle contained, he untied it as he went, and found a very handsome green coat and waistcoat. These, thought he, are, without doubt, given me by the forcerer with some sinister design, and I certainly would not put them on, if I knew how otherwise to get to

the Baron von Tiefenthal's. But, as I am ignorant of the way thither, and must, therefore, inquire it of somebody, it is very likely that, in my present clothes, I may be again taken for a murderer, and as such, dragged anew to prison. It appeared probable to him besides, that he should be pursued as soon as his flight out of the cave was discovered, and that he should be known directly by the same means.

All these reasons were so weighty, that they not merely overcame his fears of the clothes, but gave him courage to put them on, which he did immediately, and threw his blue-laced suit, which seemed to him at first so beautiful, into the next bush. He then walked on considering over the adventures of this night. That a forcerer tormented him, and would for some purpose seduce him, no longer, in his opinion, admitted of a doubt, after the experience of the last two days, and his having, not above an hour before, seen him face to face. Yet, that he could not mean very ill by him, as he always delivered him from the greatest dangers, appeared probable, and of this he was still more convinced, as he felt, by chance, in the pocket of his new clothes, and found a leathern purse stored with twelve fine new dollars, and six shining pieces of gold. He had never in his life been the

possessor of so large a sum; his joy was, therefore, very great, and if his conscience whispered him that he ought not to keep the devil's money, his inclination to it persuaded him, on the other hand, that one piece of it offered to the church, when he returned to his native country, would propitiate the whole sin. The power of the forcerer was also become less terrible to him, since he found that he and his colleagues fled directly on his uttering an exorcism. But then again reflection painted to him, in strong colours, the danger of staying any longer in this enchanted country. A beautiful female and a large sum of money are snares, thought he, that will conduct me soon to the abyss which he has prepared for me, and then sorrow and repentance will be too late.

The importance of these considerations confirmed Wolfgang in his intention of going to the Baron von Tiefenthal's castle; and if he found him, as he had reason to believe he was, in league with the forcerer, to get possession, by some artifice, of his own clothes, and, above all things, of his passports, and then to fly away by night.

Amidst these projects and resolutions he had reached the end of the plain, and come to the borders of a wood, into which he did

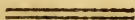
not much like to enter at this late hour ; but yet the dread of being pursued, and sooner discovered in the open country, determined him, at last, to give the preference to the former. The moon was now going down, and his fears increasing with the increasing darkness ; and the thickness of the under-wood making it difficult for him to advance, he threw himself down under a tree, there to await the dawn of day. Anxiety would not suffer him to sleep ; every little noise, even a falling leaf, was magnified by his terrors into a subject of alarm, that kept him constantly on the watch.

As the first rays of the sun illuminated the country, he rose from his hard bed, and, in hopes of finding a road, stole, like a frightened roe, to the end of the wood, and looked towards the open plain which lay before him. He soon started back trembling, then rubbed his eyes, and looked again, and trembled still more violently. Willingly would he have persuaded himself that he had seen wrong, but the third time that he ventured to look confirmed his terror.

The fatal house, from which he had not been able to get away the day before, was now directly over against him. " Am I then condemned everlastingly," he cried out



at last, “ to wander about this forcerer’s house ! What have I done, that I must go headlong into the snare which he has spread for my ruin ? But if,” added he resolutely, “ all the powers of hell unite to lead me into this enchantment, I will yet, as long as it is possible, wrestle against the devilish temptation !” Armed with this resolution, he turned quick about, and pressed, on the contrary side, through the bushes into the wood.



## C H A P. VIII.

**A** FOOT’ PATH, at which Wolfgang soon arrived, seemed, by his view of it, to wind down the hill as if it would carry him far from the house. Pleased with this prospect he instantly struck into it, and, after some time, was so fortunate as to come to the high road, where he had not proceeded many steps before he saw a carriage, at a little distance, coming towards him. To escape this he would, with all his heart, have run to either side of the wood, to hide himself among the trees ; but, before he could notice it, a

dog, who ran with the carriage, came barking after him, and detained him, by bringing to his mind the yesterday's similar adventure. He endeavoured, in vain, to keep him off, for his eagerness to follow him was not to be subdued, and had just taken up some stones to drive him away, if it was possible, as the coach drove past him.

“Heavens! that is the Signor!” *cried a Female Voice.* “Papa, the Signor is here!”

“Hold!” *cries a bass Voice,* “Hold!” The carriage stopped, and instantly out sprang the Baron von Tiefenthal and Louisa.

*Baron.* “It is fortunate for me that I have met with you, for it is entirely on your account that I was now going to visit the lady, whose charms have made you quite forget your first and sincere friends. I could not have brought myself to do this, if I had not considered it as certain, that the crafty Countess had expressly stipulated with you never to come to my castle again, and therefore thought this the only means I should have of delivering to you myself the packet you left at my house, which, I imagined, might contain matters of importance, and of seeing you once more. These being the only objects of my visit, this unexpected

meeting gives me great pleasure, as I can fulfil them here. I must own to you, at the same time, that it gives me great concern to have lost you so soon. I had indulged pleasing dreams of the future—but they are past: I am awakened, and perceive clearly that dreams are not always fulfilled.”

Wolfgang would have let the Baron speak for an hour if he had chosen it, without interrupting him, as he did not understand his discourse, and had not courage to ask for an explanation of it, as the meeting him in the wood, in this manner, appeared to him like enchantment. The Baron was now silent, expecting his answer; but Wolfgang stood, with the two great stones in his hand, which he had seized to defend himself against the dog, with staring eyes, and not speaking a word, awaiting the moment in which Tiefenthal, according to his promise, would deliver him his property, the object, at present, of all his wishes.

Louisa, at length, broke this silence. She was dressed to-day more advantageously than ever; and a more attentive observer than Wolfgang in his present situation could be, must have noticed that this was done purposely. A light straw hat, which appeared, by mere accident, to be put on sideways,

discovered her light hair falling in natural curls. This hat, it is true, rather hid the languishing right eye of the fair Louisa, but then it gave to the left a more extensive range for its operations. The fresh morning air had overspread her face with an agreeable colour, which was yet more heightened by the contrast of her entirely white dress. Thus dangerously equipped, she stood now before Wolfgang, and shut out every other prospect from his eyes. "Signor," she said coaxingly, and took his hand which she held with both her's, "I have also abundant reason to complain of your leaving us so abruptly. I also dreamt, like my father, of enjoying your agreeable and instructive conversation for a long time. I hoped that you would compensate to my good father the loss of his son, by succeeding to his place. All these charming prospects are now vanished. My father mourns anew, and I have no more a brother! With you, dear Signor, it certainly remains to revive our hopes! What the Baron would not venture to do, I, as a woman may, with more right to expect, at least with more hopes of success. As, perhaps, it is not mere chance that has brought us together so unexpectedly, and as the presence of the certainly charming Countess does not annihilate all the force of my petition, I venture boldly to press you, to entreat of you to re-

turn with us, to live with us, to command our house, our fortune, as the master of them (*pressing his hand softly, and looking languishing in his eyes.*) I shall, certainly, do every thing in my power to make your stay with us as agreeable as possible."

Louisa paused, and Tiefenthal, who stood there full of expectation, like a General who has sent the flower of his troops against the valiant foe, was startled and grew pale as he found all his hopes disappointed, himself and his army totally defeated by Wolfgang's answer.

"I regret," said the latter stammering, "I regret, with all my heart, that I am not deserving of your kind invitation, and cannot accept of it. Circumstances, that I am not able to relate, constrain me to leave this country as fast as possible; and I was actually walking this way, in order to fetch my small stock of clothes and the rest of my things, and then forever to bid it farewell!"

Louisa ventured a new attack. "Well then," she cried out, "you shall keep your resolution thus: you said you were coming to us, therefore, to expedite your purpose, get into our carriage. I assure you we shall



be very soon at the castle. Come then, Signor! come!" (*drawing him towards her.*)

*Wolfgang.* "I must—I can—I entreat most humbly—The Baron von Tiefenthal had the kindness to promise, that he would deliver me my packet here. I beg, therefore, very much—very earnestly—"

*Louisa (interrupting him.)* No! no! Papa, do not give it to him! The Signor shall not have his way in every thing; he shall, at least, visit us once more!"

The Baron von Tiefenthal, who read a refusal of this invitation in Wolfgang's resolute mien, thought it best to make his retreat in good order, and, if possible, to retire with some booty. "What signifies all this?" he said to Louisa; "if the Signor will not grant us the honour of a visit willingly, we have no right to constrain him to it. Here, Sir, (*to him*) is the packet which contains all that you left at my house. My servant will carry it after you to the Countess von M—'s castle, for that you are resolved, as you assert, to leave this country, I do not at all believe."

*Wolfgang.* "The event will convince you of it. My parcel I shall carry from hence myself."

*Baron.* “ You are master of your actions. What I proposed, was merely on account of the appearance ; but as it would be, perhaps, impeding your purpose, I desist from pressing it any farther (*he gives him the packet.*) My daughter has ventured to add to this parcel some trifles made by her own hand. I hope that you will not despise them.’

*Wolfgang* (*with the packet under his arm.*) “ Certainly not, I thank you also for all the favours you have shewn me, and would yet farther have shewn me. Were it possible I should be the greatest fool in the world, if I did not accept your offers. But—you know every thing perhaps !”

*Louisa* (*in a very wheedling manner.*) “ Signor, you will come with us !”

*Baron.* “ Do not press the Signor any more, my daughter ; he has explained himself very sufficiently. Impossibilities we must not ask ; no longer indulge hopes that cannot be fulfilled. Farewell, Signor ! Fain——but every wish shall be from henceforth suppressed ! Only one petition I have yet to make to you, and this I hope confidently that you will grant. Present me with some little remembrance of you.’

*Wolfgang.* “Ask any thing within my ability, and I will promise it to you unconditionally.”

*Baron.* “Present me with the two stones which you hold in your hands.”

Wolfgang, who now first noticed that he yet held them, cried out, full of astonishment,

“How! these two stones!”

*Baron.* “Yes, Signor; they will be a remembrance to me. I shall always think on you when I see them.”

*Louisa.* “I shall also often look at them, and be reminded of your hard heart.”

*Baron.* “And you will even refuse me this little—to you so very little expensive remembrance?”

*Wolfgang* (*quite confounded.*) “If you are really in earnest, and not as I have imagined in sport, they are your’s, with the most sincere wish that I could convert them into gold, to give them some value in your eyes.”

The Baron von Tiefenthal accepted these stones with much apparent satisfaction; and

whispered to his daughter, as he handed her into the carriage, to ask for a similar remembrance. Louisa fulfilled her father's commands, and the still more astonished Wolfgang made haste to gratify her wish. It had rained, and in order not to soil her hand, he looked for some clean pebbles, which he presented to her, with the wish that they might become precious stones to ornament her hair. Louisa received the present and the wish with many handsome acknowledgments, and Tiefenthal once more repeated his regret at being so soon, so unexpectedly, separated from his new friend. But as Wolfgang made no other answer than by a silent shrug of the shoulders, there was nothing left for the Baron to do, but to order the coachman to drive on; and the man, giving his horses a whip, the carriage was soon out of sight.

Happy as a poor sinner who has obtained pardon at the place of execution, Wolfgang now breathed freely, and stepping aside into the thicket, began to unpack his parcel. He found there his Savoyard jacket, his passport, some clean linen, his wares, and at last Louisa's portrait very beautifully painted in miniature, and set with pearls. Well pleased with the languishing maiden, who appeared to smile at him, he looked at the picture for some time; but when he consider-

ed that she was certainly the daughter of a forcerer who persecuted him, he cast it away, and began to change his dress. He soon became the Savoyard again, with his hatchels and mouse-traps upon his back; and thanking his Creator for having rescued him so happily from the threatening danger, threw his green clothes into a bush; but the purse which he found in them he could not resolve on parting with, the sum of money it contained seeming to him too great to renounce.

With joy and alacrity he now ascended the hill, and saw, from the top of it a village lying on the left in the valley, which he hoped, by the look of it, was not that where he had been made a prisoner the day before. His hunger, which had been for some time very considerable, increased on the sight of the smoaking chimnies, and he resolved to go thither to satisfy it, and then proceed on his way into Saxony. An agreeable path, shaded with young beeches, seeming to promise him a nearer way to the village; he turned into it, but had not gone far, before he found himself surrounded with high rocks, and looking around him, trembling between hope and fear, he heard a noise, and almost immediately saw the Countess dressed as a peasant girl.



*Maiden.* “ Art thou here at last, dear Savoyard ; I began to doubt whether I should ever see thee. Thanks be to the happy prognostic of my heart which drew me irresistibly hither ! More than a month I have sought thee here every day, and have often repented the hours that I have waited for thee in vain ; but now as I find thee at last, I shall repent no more. Thou art welcome (*she reaches him her hand*) thou art handsome, thou pleasest me well ! Wilt thou not accept my hand ? ”

*Wolfgang* (*falling on his knee, and holding up his hands to her.*) “ Sorcerers, I conjure you to desist, and let me continue my way in peace and quiet.”

*Maiden.* “ I would willingly grant thee thy first request, as thou canst entreat so well if it were not quite contrary to my purpose. I wish to detain thee a long time with us, to go with thee every where, to pass away the time to thee, to tend and take care of thee.”

*Wolfgang.* “ I thank you, I heartily thank you for all your kind intentions ; but I should thank you much more sincerely, if you would let me go on unmolested.”

*Maiden.* “Thou disagreeable man, thou ! then I please thee not ? then thou wilt not stay with us ? but I know better, thou shalt not escape me.”

*Wolfgang.* “There ! (*throwing his purse to her*) there, take every thing that I have ! what perhaps may prevent my flight. Take it, and let me go in quiet.”

While the maiden opened the purse, and was looking at the gold and silver with great delight, Wolfgang seized the favourable moment, and, urged on by anxiety, clambered up the rock. When she looked up to thank him, and saw him already far from her, she ran after him, crying out, “Stop, dear Savoyard, stop ! I have much more to say to thee ! thou must go with me.” But the cry of the hounds does not increase the speed of the frightened hare, more than this cry that of the flying Wolfgang. He bounded up the rock, and soon gaining the summit, precipitated himself down on the other side, the breathless maiden pursuing him all the time with her utmost speed.

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C H A P. X.

**A**S it may perhaps be a long time before the poor maiden overtakes the flying youth, or may even be possible that she quite lost him in the thick underwood, I will, in the meantime, relate another history for the amusement of my readers, which at first sight may appear to be out of its place here, and to be as distinct from this as any other history in the world; but which they will soon perceive to be very properly introduced, as having a particular connection with the story recorded in the preceding chapters.

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Ten years previous to the adventures of our Savoyard, there lived, in the neighbourhood of the Fichtelberg, a sturdy young village ale-housekeeper, who had formerly travelled in many foreign countries as a butcher,

but returned home, on the death of his father to take possession, as heir, of this ale-house where the old man had gained an honest livelihood.

He married a handsome young wife, and lived jovially with her. His only employments the whole day were, calling to her to go to the cellar when his guests wanted beer, and sitting and drinking with them. He left the care of his farm to his servants, and never saw his corn or his beasts before he carried them to the market-town to be sold, from whence he never failed to come home intoxicated.

That such alehouse-keeping, and such farming, could only end in ruin, my readers of any sense will already have foreseen. I shall therefore only add as a warning to the imprudent, that at the end of three years, the ineffectual dunning of his creditors was followed by a seizure and sale of his property; and that Jacob, for so was this disorderly host called, being still pursued by many discontented claimants, cut himself a stick from the next tree, and with this last remains of his hereditary portion, wandered once more into the wide world. He left his wife and child as security to his creditors, who were really

so compassionate as to allow them a maintenance.

Entirely unused to labour, and wanting subsistence, he begged his way into Italy as a Pilgrim, and laughed at the pious zeal of the fools, who supported him in his holy purpose with plentiful alms, while he was in reality a heretic. Before he reached Rome, he fell in with some banditti who were going thither in company to the Jubilee. The ability of the man, his strength, his intrepidity, induced this troop to accept him as a member, and initiate him into their mysteries.

Jacob was soon one of the most adventurous and formidable of the Italian banditti. No one executed a murder, or any desperate undertaking, with such cold blooded resolution. He was soon renowned amongst his brethren for his great achievements, and wherever any hazardous enterprise was determined on, however distant, the German Jacob was constantly sent for, who for double pay always undertook and accomplished the deed to the great increase of his fame. By these means it was no wonder, that, notwithstanding a life of pleasure and expence, he soon amassed a handsome fortune.



His numerous murders having, at length, created a general alarm in the country, the officers of justice were every where on the watch for him; and, as the description of his person was circulated throughout Italy, he resolved to avoid the storm which threatened him, and till it was subsided again, to return into Germany.

After seven long years, when his wife, wearied with fruitless sorrow and expectations, had given him up for lost; when his neighbours and acquaintance never hoped to see him again, he arrived, dressed as an opulent butcher, with a handsome cart and two fine horses, at the public house of his native village. All the inhabitants, who soon collected about him, were astonished at his respectable appearance, envied his wife, whom they had before compassionated, and were quite stupified with surprize when the ostentatious Jacob poured out a great bag of sequins upon the table, and calling to his yet unsatisfied creditors, paid them the principal and interest of his debt with friendly thanks.

The whole country soon resounded with Jacob's return and great good fortune. Every one was amazed at it, and every one asked how he had acquired it; but no one could give any account of this, because Jacob him-

self answered every question of the kind with a mysterious laugh, or yet more mysterious shrug of his shoulders. Often, when he generously paid the reckoning at a drinking bout for his former friends and neighbours, and thus awakened their curiosity anew, they importuned him to tell them by what means he had made his fortune. And once, when the alehouse-keeper of a neighbouring village pressed him more strongly than all the others, and directly taxed him with having stolen it, he wisely resolved to mislead this man from his but too just and alarming idea, and to give him one less dangerous: "Neighbour," he said to him as they parted, "in order to obviate your unjust suspicions, I will relate my whole history to you, which I have not yet related to any one. You may perhaps at some future time derive the greatest advantage from it, and will then own with gratitude that I have rewarded you with good for evil. Come to me early tomorrow morning, and then, to your confusion, you shall hear every thing."

The curious host came to Jacob the next morning; and first begging pardon for his inconsiderate prattle the day before, then claimed the performance of his promise. "I will keep to it as a man of honour," said Ja-

cob, "if you will previously agree to two conditions."

*Host.* "I will swear to whatever you require."

*Jacob.* "You must not repeat to any one what, for your sake, I shall now discover to you."

*Host.* "I swear!"

*Jacob.* "As you will be satisfied by my narrative, of the injustice of your slanderous suspicions, you must retract them to-day at the alehouse, and swear, in the presence of all there, that you are now fully convinced that I acquired my fortune in an honest upright manner."

*Host.* "I will! I will! now proceed."

Jacob then began the following history, which he had devised long before: and which as my readers, after the above relation, will know at once was entirely fabulous.

"Neighbour," he said, "you will recollect that people often come into our country out of Italy, who deal in mouse-traps and hatchels, or sometimes bring dancing mar-

mots. You must know also that under this pretence these people steal to our Fichtelberg, and having, from their superior knowledge, the means of discovering the treasure concealed there, they return home laden with great wealth, and laugh heartily at us stupid Germans."

*Host.* "That to be sure I know very well I have actually seen one of them stealing about here. My father was alive at that time, and was with me when I met him in the field; he told me then, that one of these Italian hatchel-men had said once to his father, we were very stupid people that we did not make a better use of the treasure which was laying about here every where. He had often, he added, seen a herdsman throw a stone after a cow which was worth twice the value of the cow itself. My grandfather entreated the stranger to teach him the art of finding out these treasures. He appointed him therefore to meet him the next day upon a rock; but as my grandfather came there, he was terrified at the sight of a great black he-goat, and ran back to his house, and could not recover himself for a long time."

*Jacob.* "It is very agreeable to me that you are already so well informed on this sub-

ject, as I can for that reason go on with my history without digression. When I kept the alehouse in the village; an Italian hatchelman came to me one evening complaining of a violent cholic, and begged for a lodging.—I pitied him, and out of true Christian charity let him want for nothing. Six weeks he lay ill at my house, and I took care of him all that time without any recompence. As he recovered his health, he expressed the utmost gratitude to me. ‘I shall never forget what you have done for me,’ he said, at parting; ‘should any misfortune ever befall you in Germany, then come to Rome, and visit the church of St. Peter. We shall certainly meet there, and it will be a pleasure to me to receive and entertain you in this manner.’—At the time I laughed at this odd invitation; but when my creditors seized all my property, and were afterwards continually teasing me, then it came into my mind; and as I had nothing more to lose here, I resolved to try how far I might confide in this man’s fair speeches.

“I begged my way to Rome, and visited St. Peter’s Church every day, but never met the Italian, and had at last quite forgotten his promise. I was asking alms once in a broad street not far from thence, when a gentleman



looked out of the window of a great palace, made a signal to me, and immediately sent a servant down to conduct me to him. I was carried through many stately rooms, the splendour and beauty of which quite dazzled me, and came at last into a cabinet, where a gentleman in a brocaded night-gown sat upon a sofa, and was taking snuff out of a golden box. After commanding the servant first to reach me a chair, and then to withdraw; ‘Sit down,’ he said to me; ‘sit down, good Jacob, you must be much tired with your long journey. How does your wife? how is your child?—I stood perfectly astonished at this speech, and could not imagine how it could possibly be, that so fine a gentleman at Rome should know me, my wife, and child.

He noticed my surprise, and asked me, laughing, if I then really did not know him. ‘No,’ said I, trembling, ‘I do not know your Excellency.’ Without saying a word more, he arose, and left the room. I had now an opportunity of examining the cabinet, which was extremely magnificent, being ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver vessels of various kinds; and I was tempted more than once, to put one of them at least into my pocket.

“ After about a quarter of an hour the door opened again, and the poor hatchelman, whom I once lodged in my house, and had now fought for so long in vain at Rome, came in. He was in the same clothes which he wore then, and had hatchels and mouse-traps upon his back. ‘ Buy a hatchel ! buy a mouse-trap ! ’ he cried, as he walked up and down the room. ‘ Well,’ said he at last, as I stared him in silence, ‘ do you not know me yet ? ’ ‘ I know you well,’ I answered ; ‘ but how you come here, how you dare venture into this room to walk about, and cry your wares, is a question, that, with the help of all my understanding, I cannot answer to myself.’—‘ But I will explain it to you in a moment,’ he replied.

“ On saying this, he began to undress himself, by first throwing off some false hair which he had upon his head ; and then running out for a moment, he returned in his brocaded night-gown. ‘ Now do you know me ? ’ he said ; ‘ now do you believe that the mouse-trap dealer and I are the same person ? ’—‘ I believe it, I answered, because my eyes convince me of it, though my understanding is still inclined to contradict them.’ ‘ It shall soon be demonstrated as clearly to that, as to your eyes,’ said he. ‘ Sit down by me, sit down ; make no ceremony, and listen

to me patiently. The compassion which you so disinterestedly exercised towards me deserves not only reward but confidence. In the same proportion in which I now place confidence in you, shall also be your reward.'

'I am descended (he continued) from a poor, but very old and once respected noble Italian family. My father, from necessity, served in an inferior office under the Pope, and when he died, left me without money, without friends, and consequently without any other prospect than that of starving. I am not ashamed to own that, like you, I once asked alms in the streets of Rome; and was fed for some years as a poor scholar, with the beggars' broth of the Capuchins. As I was one evening fainting with hunger and thirst, begging at a very late hour, I met a hoary old man with a knotty stick and a little lantern in his hand. He held the light to my face, and examined it narrowly for a long time, and then commanded me to follow him in a solemn manner. I should deviate too much from the purpose of my narrative, if I related to you, circumstantially, how this singular man, by degrees, won my affections. He provided me with all the necessaries of life, instructed me in various sciences, and at last took me into his house: He was in short

quite a father to me, for to him I owe all my knowledge, and all my riches.

‘As he grew older and weaker, he taught me the rare, but in Italy not quite forgotten art, of discovering treasures concealed in the earth; and of discerning, in some of the most apparently common stones, precious stones of infinite value. As he had always aspired to the knowledge of the highest sciences, and still hoped to find out the secret of the balsam of eternal life, he had but seldom, and only in cases of necessity, made use of this glorious means of becoming rich with very little trouble. He died without having attained his object, and left me his writings, his instruments, and a moderate sum of money. With this I immediately resolved to travel about the world, and, by means of my inestimable art, to collect a sufficient fortune to pass away my life in independence and enjoyment.

‘From the papers of my foster-father I clearly perceived, that the German Fichtelberg was the spot where the greatest treasures lay concealed in the bowels of the earth, and that this hill was also remarkable for a profusion of precious stones. It appeared likewise, that by attending to the proper season and hour, it was extremely easy to get

possession of a portion of these riches. After the example, therefore, of many others who were in the secret, and who, as it was related in these manuscripts, had already amassed fortunes there, I went to the Fichtelberg as a hatchel and mouse-trap dealer. But at your house I must have ended my life without having attained my purpose, if it had not been for the kindness and attention of your good heart, for my disease was extremely stubborn.

‘ I shall now recompense you for the disinterested compassion you exercised towards me at that time. I would willingly have done it at parting, for I had at that time great wealth in my power ; but I feared to excite suspicions in your neighbourhood that might prejudice me and any others of my countrymen who came after me, and thence prudently resolved to defer the reward till a more seasonable opportunity. Without having occasion for more than common acuteness, I plainly perceived that your husbandry went on miserably ; that you were plundered by your servants, and that your creditors would ultimately seize all your property. On that account, when I bade you farewell, I invited you to Rome, in hopes of being able to reward you there without creating any jealousy against you, or any suspi-



on against myself. My wish is now fulfilled; stay with me, forget your ungrateful country, and be happy here; you shall never more feel want, but have every thing in abundance.'

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C H A P. XI.

**T**HE generous Marquis faithfully performed his promise. I lived entirely with him; he appointed me his Master of the Horse, and I soon became his principal favourite. When any one wanted to solicit a favour from him, they applied to me; and if I gave them my assistance, they were certain of success. You will easily imagine that this kind of life was very agreeable to me; I had money always as plenty as hay, and took many opportunities of turning it to a good account. I must to my shame own to you, that in an eternal round of pleasure I forgot my native land, and every thing that I had left behind me; and for years never thought even of my wife and child. But at last I grew tired of this scene of dissipation,

and began to be very frugal and steady, and to think often of my poor child and my forsaken wife. I became in short so uneasy, that frequently I was not able to conceal my tears from my benefactor.

“Several times he enquired the cause of this dejection; and when I could no longer withhold it from him, he promised to remove it immediately. ‘I see,’ he said, ‘that you are become home-sick; I cannot blame you for it, nor am I surpris’d at it, for I have been in foreign countries myself, and well know what it is to languish after one’s native land. I love you, and would willingly have you always with me; but as my first wish is to promote your happiness, I will, without hesitation, sacrifice my inclination to your’s. Come to me at the same hour to-morrow-morning, and I will, in the meantime, take care to provide you with a comfortable independence.’ I left him, and no day in my life ever appeared to me so long as this; I could neither eat nor sleep for joy, that I should soon see my wife and child again.

“I was with the Marquis the next morning before the appointed hour, and found him in earnest conversation with his eldest son. ‘Are you here already,’ he cried, laugh-

ing, as he came to meet me. ‘ Your haste clearly proves that I was not deceived in my yesterday’s conjecture. Go in peace ; and that you may never experience any want in Germany, take this bag of gold with you ; it contains eight thousand sequins, which I hope will be sufficient to support you and your wife and child decently.

“ You may readily suppose, neighbour, how I was startled at so large a present. I could not speak ; I threw myself, weeping, at the feet of my benefactor, and knew not how to express my gratitude. The good old man raised me up, kindly assuring me once more that he would never cease to be my friend ; and that I might boldly return to him, if through any accident I was again reduced to distressed circumstances. The young Marquis then putting in, said, ‘ Dear Jacob, I have a reciprocal service to ask of you. My father has revealed to me to-day that I must soon travel into Germany, and visit your native place. There is yet much concealed treasure remaining there, which we stand in need of for the further aggrandizement of our family. I shall also appear in the character of a hatchel and mouse-trap dealer, and search for these treasures. Should any misfortune befall me there, then, for the sake

of my father's kindness, be you my friend, and I will reward it to your children.'

'Dear, dear son of my great benefactor!' I cried out quite transported, 'as soon as you come to our village, put up at my house. I will attend and take care of you as the apple of my eye. I will accompany you every where, and conduct you again in safety to the arms of your father.'

'Thanks! a thousand thanks for your good intentions,' said the Marquis, 'but my son cannot take advantage of them. He must not, during his journey, go to the house of any friend or acquaintance; for if he did, the aim of it would be lost. You cannot do him any service yourself; but I expect from your gratitude, that you will prepare some kind-hearted people of your neighbourhood to be courteous to him, and soften the hatred that most of your countrymen bear to us Italians. Endeavour to make them sensible, that a stranger may often be able to reward the slightest service a thousand fold, and let them understand that we are actually bound to do it. Your own experience must convince you of the truth of what I say. You undoubtedly know some of your neighbours whose honest and good hearts dispose them to be beneficent towards the poor; name them to my

son, that in a time of need he may seek shelter and protection with them; and that I may thus enjoy the greatest pleasure in life, the receiving my son again in my arms in health.'

"I promised to do what he required, and named to him all those on whose hospitality I believed he might rely; and he wrote their names carefully in his pocket-book. Amongst them I mentioned you, neighbour; you stand uppermost, and should he find it necessary, he will come to you directly."

*Host.* "How! is it possible that you thought of me at that time? That you wished to be the maker of my fortune? O dear, dear neighbour! God reward you!"

*Jacob.* "Do not speak till I have ended. Then I shall certainly expect that you ask my pardon, and declare me an honest man."

*Host.* "I shall do both most sincerely."

*Jacob.* "I was obliged, finally, to promise the most rigid secrecy. I was made to swear that I would not discover to any one the intended journey of the young Marquis, because



then there would be a number of interested persons, who would shew him beneficence merely from selfish views; and thus the riches which he collected here would not be sufficient for the repayment of these obligations. Judge now yourself, neighbour, what a struggle it hath cost me, to become as it were perjured, and betray my great benefactor. Had you not yesterday so openly and expressly attacked my honour, and had I not apprehended that your slander might bring me to justice, where I might perhaps have been constrained to make every thing known the greatest treasure in the world would not have tempted me to violate his confidence. Be grateful therefore now, and promise me strict fidelity. Use this information to your advantage, but do not injure me, or my benefactor, by inconsiderate blabbing."

*Host.* " May I grow crooked and lame, if one word of it ever comes from my lips! And may I die a violent death, if I do not formally beg your pardon to-day at the public house, and declare before every body there, that you have acquired your fortune in a truly honest manner. But tell me now when the young Marquis comes, and how I shall receive him?"

*Jacob.* “ His arrival does not depend on himself, but on the stars. He must be regulated by them, in order to accomplish his enterprize happily. Perhaps he may be now on his journey; perhaps he may not come these two years.”

*Host.* “ But he certainly will come ?

*Jacob.* “ Undoubtedly ! you may rely on it ; and the better you receive him, the more courtesy you shew him, the greater will be your reward.”

The inquisitive host appeared now quite contented and full of joy, and was already building a thousand castles in the air. The cunning Jacob laughed within himself, and was rejoiced that he had so completely deceived him, and could now enjoy his plunder in peace.

The splendid prospects which the host was now incessantly dreaming of, made him often musing and thoughtful ; he no longer worked so diligently as he had done, but loved best to sit in some corner, where he might, without being disturbed, busy himself with the idea of his future fortune. His wife was offended at this unusual behaviour in her husband, and resolved to find out the reason of it. Whoe-

ver knows any thing of women, will know very well how continually they plague their husbands on such an occasion, and will already have prophesied that she carried her point at last. In fact she was very soon the joint possessor of the secret.

Nothing oppresses a weak mind like a secret, or gives it the fancied importance it wishes for, like being able to reveal one. Thus Catherine, for such was the name of our musing host's wife, was no sooner mistress of this, than she combed her hair smooth, put on her Sunday gown, and hastened to the castle of the Lord of the Manor. She had served there six years as cook, with great diligence and honesty, and was for this reason always well received in the family, and now hoped to acquire much greater consequence there from the nature of her present errand. She went from the kitchen directly up to the apartment of the mistress of the castle, and was conducted by her to her papa, who was no other than the Baron von Tiefenthal. As he inferred from the importance of her look that she had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he spoke very courteously to her, and offered her a chair. This set Catherine's tongue a going, and the Baron was minutely informed of the above marvellous history. The Countess von M—

also learnt it a short time after, much in the same manner, as she was buying some flax of Catherine, and won her confidence by her affable behaviour.

Host, Baron, and Countess, now all fabricated their particular plans how to decoy the young Marquis, when he appeared, as a hatchel and mouse-trap dealer, in their neighbourhood; and to entitle themselves, by the most attentive beneficence, to a part, or perhaps the whole, of his great treasures. By Catherine's prudent management she persuaded her husband to reveal the secret, that he knew already, to the Baron; and the Baron prevailed on the host to promise, that he should have immediate information of the arrival of the young Marquis.

The Baron von Tiefenthal was the economical son of a very extravagant father, and it was with difficulty that he could support his situation with an inheritance encumbered with the debts of the latter. He was very naturally therefore extremely rejoiced that so fortunate an opportunity was likely to be presented to him of disencumbering his estate. His daughter was now marriageable, and who can blame the good father that he wished to bring about a match between her and the rich Marquis? and the more certainly

to accomplish his purpose, he confided his whole plan to her beforehand.

The Countess von M—— was the lively widow of an old disagreeable husband, who, to her great joy, died soon after their marriage, and left her the unlimited possession of a large fortune. Being much inclined to show, luxury, and dissipation, she had, within two years, nearly run through this fortune, when she heard from the good natured hostess this lucky secret. It was therefore equally natural that she should also devise every means to decoy the expected Marquis to herself, and thus hope to secure an inexhaustible source of riches.

In her early youth the Countess had tenderly loved, and been beloved by, a handsome Lieutenant; and in consequence of this amour, at seventeen she became the mother of a daughter, whose birth was so carefully concealed that the Countess was never suspected, though she remained at her father's house. The child was immediately committed to the care of a poor parson's widow.

When the Countess became a widow herself, she took her daughter and this old woman to live near her; for notwithstanding the general giddiness of her character,



she loved the former with maternal affection. This child of love, whose name was Emily, was extremely like her mother; but without making any remarks on this striking resemblance, she was unanimously held, by the good natured peasants, to be the daughter of the parson's widow; and in order to avoid more critical observers, she lived with her in a retired cottage built for them by the Countess in her park; to which, after the death of her husband, she had added part of a neighbouring wood.

The real mother of this child, who wished to establish her darling respectably, thought the present a fine opportunity to endeavour to accomplish her object; and by throwing her in his way, hoped that she might captivate the inexperienced Marquis. With this view, Emily had been sent every day during the whole summer, to the summit of the Fichtelberg, to await his coming, and, by the instructions of her mother, she was to do all in her power to attract and detain him.

Such was the situation of affairs when the innocent Wolfgang arrived in this country. By all those who were interested in the com-

ing of the expected Marquis, he was taken for him, and for this reason was received by them with so much honour.

It is now certain that no forcerer deluded him when he thought he saw the Countess von M——; sometimes as a fine lady, and sometimes as a peasant girl. Nor was it more extraordinary, when he was in a park laid out after the English fashion, that he should by various ways, constantly come again to the house situated at the end of it and to which all these ways purposely led.

But then who was the old man whom Wolfgang so undesignedly murdered? Who the poor forsaken female? Who were the horsemen who released him the first time? And who the forcerer who released him the second time out of captivity?

These questions I cannot possibly answer now. The time will come when my readers will learn every thing; but the where and the when I must leave undetermined; because the little Atalante has overtaken the panting Wolfgang, notwithstanding his great advantage of her, and is holding him fast by the arm. And it is proper now to listen to

their discourse, or there would be, a chasm in the history.

Attend therefore, and I will go on.

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C H A P. XII.

**W**OLFGANG (*out of breath, heated, trembling, and looking with fear at his Conqueress.*) "I can go no farther! let what will happen, I can go no farther! I have done every thing that the power of man could do; but I must yield, and it is not my fault."

*Maiden (also out of breath.)* Thou rude ill-behaved man! at last I have caught thee; I called to thee several times, but thou wouldst not mind me; and what is now come of it? We are both out of breath, and not able to talk with one another."

*Wolfgang (hiding his eyes.)* Ah! I dare not look at you, lest I am quite lost.

*Maiden.* "Why, for what reason? do look at me! am I then so ugly?"

*Wolfgang.* “ Oh that it was but nature !  
that it was no enchantment !”

*Maiden.* “ How ! dost thou believe, dear  
Savoyard, that I paint myself like a fine la-  
dy ? that I (*taking his hand, and rubbing  
her cheek with it softly*) convince thyself !  
look, my colour is as natural as thine ; is the  
consequence of running so fast ; only feel  
how I burn (*putting his hand to her bosom*)  
only feel how my heart beats.”

*Wolfgang.* “ If you were the devil himself,  
I must kiss you.”

In order to avoid the appearance of any  
thing unnatural and inconsistent in my nar-  
rative, I consider myself as necessitated here  
to describe the situation of poor Wolfgang,  
when he was led so unexpectedly from one  
extreme to another. In running he had  
stumbled over a stick, and, though he had  
indeed endeavoured to preserve his balance,  
after tottering up and down for some time,  
like a nine-pin when it is touched by the  
ball, the disproportion of gravity at last  
drew him backwards to the ground : he fell  
amongst the elastic branches of some young  
beeches, which rocked him up and down,  
and made it impossible for him to rise, be-  
cause every support which he caught at was  
too weak, and let him sink again.

In this situation the pursuing damsel overtook him. She laid hold of his arm, but prudently did not draw him from it, as he was now no longer able to fly, but remained in her power. In running after him the bushes had often caught her; one of them had half torn off her handkerchief, another snatched it quite away; but entirely occupied with the desire to overtake the flying youth, she perceived nothing of this. But as Wolfgang uncovered his eyes, and from an irresistible impulse drew her towards him, and boldly snatched a kiss, she became at once sensible of her loss, and springing from his arms with all her strength, in extreme confusion turned her back to him.

It would have been easy for him now to fly, but the tables were turned, and at this moment, if the maiden had flown, Wolfgang would have followed her, as assiduously as she had followed him before. Devils and sorcery were altogether vanished from his remembrance, and he thought only of the heaven in the damsel's arms. You must be mine! my wife! thought he at this moment, and drew near to her again.

“Rude unmannerly man!” she said, “give me back my handkerchief, or I will



never look at you any more ; give it me, or I will go away directly."

*Wolfgang.* " Dear, dear maiden ! how should I give you what I do not possess ? probably you have lost it in running."

*Maiden.* " And who is in fault then ? certainly thou ; and now thou mayst help me to look for it."

Emily, for it was her, went on before, and Wolfgang followed patiently after her. He looked carefully at every bush, for he hoped, if he found the handkerchief, at least to see the fair maiden's face again, and perhaps to earn a reward for his zeal. Fortune favoured him ; he saw it hanging on a bush not far off, and jumping forward, he cried out, as happy as a king who had reconquered his lost kingdom, " I have it ! I have it !"

*Emily (looking after him)* " Then, throw it to me."

*Wolfgang (dolefully.)* " Throw it to you ! and you will not fetch it yourself, nor give me a kiss as a reward ?"

*Emily.* " No ! give it to me now."

*Wolfgang* (*throwing the handkerchief to her.*)

“There you have it then ! But—”

(*Emily*) *putting it on hastily, and turning to him.*) “Well, but—what then ?” (*with a kind look at him ;*) “perhaps thou wilt run away from me again.”

*Wolfgang* (*rather buffily.*) “Very possibly.”

*Emily.* “Well, go, go ! I certainly shall not run after thee any more. But if thou goest, then thou wilt never obtain in thy life—Yet go, now go.”

*Wolfgang.* “What shall I never obtain in my life ? O speak out ! what ?”

*Emily.* “Thou wouldest know it already. But go now ; I certainly do not hinder thee.”

*Wolfgang.* “But if I do not go ? if I follow you patiently wherever you lead me ; how then !”

*Emily.* “Then, indeed, I will forget every thing ; then thou shalt be rewarded.”

She looked kindly at him ; and Wolfgang, quite transported, took his reward.

*Emily (putting her hand before his mouth)*  
“ Enough, enough ! Wilt thou always follow me ? never more forsake me ? I can love thee with all my heart. Thy curling hair,” (*she strokes him softly on the forehead,*) “ pleases me ; thy rosy cheeks and thy black eyes are fine. Do I please thee also ? ”

*Wolfgang.* “ Do you please me ! he sunk on his knee—“ I adore you.”

Wolfgang pressed Emily to his breast, and though they spoke not a word, their hearts understood each other, and the inseparable bond of love was inwardly sworn to by them both.

*Emily (disengaging herself from him)*  
“ Dear, good ! now let us go ! My mother will expect me ; I cannot any longer deprive her of the joy of hearing that I have found thee.”

They walked on, and as Wolfgang began now to recover his recollection, the terror that this lovely creature might be an illusion of enchantment took possession of his mind, for he extremely dreaded the loss of her. In

order to become more certain on this point, he began to ask, "Who is your mother, dear maiden?"

*Emily.* "We shall soon be with her; she lives at the end of the park in the little white cottage, the roof of which thou seest shining there."

At the words, white cottage, he started; and when he actually saw the top of the roof, his steps tottered. The magnet by his side drew him forwards; fear of the forcerer and all his crew, held him back. But, as the most ancient of the Poets have already evidently proved that love vanquishes every thing, my readers will easily imagine that, notwithstanding his doubts and fears, he resolved to follow the fair maiden, and could not possibly persuade himself that Satan could assume a form of such purity and perfection. To obtain, if possible, still farther light, he began again to ask questions.

*Wolfgang.* "Sweet maiden, do you know the Countess von M——?"

*Emily.* "Do I know my second mother! what a question? I am indebted to her for all that I possess;—the house to which we are going is her property; this wood, and every

thing that thou see'st belongs to her. No mother can love a child more tenderly than she loves me."

*Wolfgang.* "You are extremely like her; so like her, that I should take you and her for the same person, if your own account and your more youthful figure did not convince me to the contrary, I have seen and conversed with the Countess von M——."

*Emily.* "I know that, simpleton! She has told me every thing, and complained bitterly that thou wast so abominably taken away from her lately, as she was bringing thee to visit me."

Wolfgang was very glad, from this relation, to be more and more confirmed in his conjecture, that his supposition about the devil and forcery had been an error. Certainly, he thought, as the Countess von M—— and this maiden are different persons, the other forcerer-like adventures may probably have arisen from equally natural causes. Wishing to investigate this still more clearly, he resolved to continue his questions; and hoped from the information of his beloved maiden, to obtain satisfactory explanations on these heads. He was just going to ask how it could possibly be, that from various,



and apparently contrary ways, he always returned to the same house, from which he believed himself far distant, when all at once a great noise behind them caught his attention. He turned about instantly, and saw two men in masks standing before him. "We have you at last, my Lord Marquis!" they called out, jeeringly; and before Wolfgang could recover himself, and make any answer, one of them stabbed him twice in the body with a dagger, and then they both made their escape into the thicket.

Wolfgang sunk, rattling in the throat, to the earth; his eyes closed, and the afflicted despairing Emily soon saw no signs of life in him. She at last recollected, that if it were possible for any assistance yet to be of service to him, her mother, who had some skill in the use of certain herbs, was most likely to render it efficaciously. She hastened therefore, to her, and soon returned, weeping and out of breath, with the old woman. As they came to the place where Wolfgang was attacked by the murderers, a profusion of blood plainly pointed out where he had lain; but the body was gone. They perceived a bloody track from this spot, which they followed, and it led them down through the thicket, and brought them at no great distance to the edge of the shaft of an old mine, where the

track ceased ; and convinced them, that during Emily's absence the murderers had returned, carried off the bleeding corpse, and thrown it into this shaft in order if possible, to elude all enquiry on the subject.

Emily and the old woman stood for some time quite disconsolate by the side of this horrible grave. The former wept, though a new acquaintance, the object of a strong and tender passion ; the latter mourned over her disappointed hopes of wealth, which had all vanished with the supposed Marquis. The fear that the murderers might return once more and plunge them, as evidence of their guilt, into the dreadful abyss, at length roused the old woman to think of returning ; and Emily, entirely absorbed in her sorrow, followed her in silence.

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C H A P. XIII.

**C**APTAIN Wildner became a soldier rather from necessity than inclination ; because

his father, Colonel Wildner, though he left behind him a high reputation for courage and integrity, scarcely left a pittance of fortune sufficient to pay the expences of his funeral. The son, who had always maintained as distinguished a character for virtue and bravery as the father, at forty years old had only risen to the rank of Captain. With the somewhat more liberal income which he then enjoyed, he began to feel in its full force the truth of the saying, "That it is not good for man to be alone." He sought therefore for a helpmate amongst the daughters of the land, and soon found one in the person of a parson's daughter, who was indeed poor in worldly wealth, but rich in the qualities which most lastingly secure the happiness of the marriage state.

Wildner began first to live in her society, and his wife and two children became so dear to him, that he would not have exchanged his situation for the possession of kingdoms. After a few years of enjoyment, a war, which desolated his native land, tore him from the only blessing that the world had ever afforded him, and which he resigned, on the call of duty, with infinite reluctance.

When he returned home for the first time, after an absence of ten years, he found his

wife dead, and his two children, a boy and girl, under the care of a near relation, whose extraordinary kindness to his forsaken wife and babes gave some consolation to the afflicted husband. As these children were nearly grown up, the father took his son with him, to join the army now ready to march, to oppose an enemy which had just rekindled the flame of war against his country. His daughter, an almost perfect model of consummate beauty, and with a mind of the most untainted innocence, continued under the protection of her second mother, and nothing but the hope that the welfare of his darling would be secure under such protection, could have enabled the father to support this separation with any fortitude.

The foster-mother of Clara had hitherto lived in the town; but longing for quiet, a not unnatural consequence of age, she moved into a neighbouring village, and there, in the calm of solitude, devoted the remainder of her days to God. Clara accompanied her thither, and from her gentle sentimental character, soon found a thousand pleasures in the country, that she had never felt in the town. It was a luxury to the native simplicity of her soul, to leave her downy pillow early in the morning, and contemplate, from an adjoining hill, the majestic rising of the

fun. Her heart expanded, with the reviving animation of nature, to the sublimest emotions of delight. She adored the omnipotence of God in this glorious picture ; she worshipped him in every blade of grass, and in every drop of dew which shone like chrystal upon its delicate texture and vivid hue.

Nothing opens the heart, and awakens every dormant feeling in the human soul, to a state so susceptible of impression, as the serene beauty of such a morning. Every thing lives, every thing moves, every thing expresses, in its own peculiar manner, its participation in the joys of this moment. The lowing of the herds, the bleating of the sheep, the singing of the birds, the hum of the insects, all fill the great chorus which hails the return of day. But it is a scene only to be felt, not described. No poet, no painter, can do it justice ; it is too great, too sublime, to come within the limits of their powers. Whoever really feels and enjoys it, will own with me, that at no other time he ever finds his mind elevated towards the Sovereign of the Universe with such a fervor of devotion. The heart overflows with an excess of feeling ; one stretches out one's arms, and longs to embrace the utmost bounds of creation ; the grasp is too mighty, and the full soul seeks a



kindred mind to share these overpowering emotions.

As Clara sat, in one of the finest mornings of the spring, under the shade of a stately old oak, with all these sensations newly awakened in her bosom, she was seen by the young Baron von Tiefenthal, who lived in a town not far distant. He had been sent thither by his father for the purpose of pursuing his studies ; but instead of fulfilling this, devoted himself to all kinds of dissipation. He was hunting in this romantic country, as he now saw, unnoticed by her, the beautiful Clara. The power of her charms had an instantaneous effect on him. In the course of his licentious amours, he had never seen the bloom of such a cheek, the expression of such an eye, and still less any thing like the innocent pleasure which was painted on her lovely face, evidently arising from her enjoyment of the beauties of nature, as she contemplated the surrounding country.

Tiefenthal, whose intemperate passions were already highly excited, respectfully approaching the fair creature. "I am fortunate," he said, "to find here a congenial soul, which can feel what I feel, and will therefore pardon my breaking in on these feelings which my heart is full of, and so ardently

wishes to share with one of similar sentiments."—Clara started up, alarmed, and would have flown, if her heart had not felt this similarity too powerfully; or if the youth who stood before her, had not been so handsome, and had not supplicated so urgently for her longer stay. One word brought on another. The dissembler knew so well how to play his part; talked so much of the beauties of nature, of the pleasures they held out to the admirers of them, that the unsuspecting female soon found his company agreeable, and was not displeased when he promised to come there again the next morning, and share with her this rational delight.

I should deviate from my purpose, and extend my history to many volumes, if I should continue to relate thus circumstantially the whole account of the seduction of the artless Clara. I will therefore be as concise as possible. She saw the beautiful youth again the next and many following days. She found his conversation extremely agreeable, and giving way to the impulse of nature, she soon loved him with the greatest tenderness, without having any idea of his villainy, and her own danger. But before two months were elapsed he had taken advantage of her innocence, and she became his victim.

Clara felt her fall very deeply, and in the first bitter moments of regret, determined never to see the youth again. But his persuasions, and the pleadings of her own heart, for him, were so powerful, that notwithstanding her resolution, she saw him again in the evening, and from that time received his clandestine visits in a remote chamber in the house of her foster mother. The natural consequence of this connection ensued; and as soon as Clara was sensible of it, she claimed from her lover the fulfilment of his solemn engagements, and entreated him with anguish to conceal her shame, and marry her as soon as possible.

Tiefenthal renewed his promises, and then left her, in order, as he said, to mention the subject to his father, and to obtain his consent to their marriage. But this was only a pretence to deceive her, for he returned immediately to the town; and while the anxious Clara was praying for the successful issue of his errand, and his speedy return, he had forgotten her in the arms of prostitution. One evening when he was drunk, a quarrel arose between him and one of his companions, from whom he would forcibly have taken a favourite girl, and he was stabbed by him in the scuffle, and died without having repented — without having even confessed the crimes

that he had committed here below. His father was informed of his miserable end, and as he very naturally endeavoured to draw a veil over it, his being dead was but little known, and the manner of his death still less.

While the corpse of Tiefenthal was mouldering in the grave, and his soul gone to its dreadful account, Clara was impatiently expecting his return. Every day increased her sorrow, and also made her situation more conspicuous, till at last she was no longer able to conceal this, and much less her tears from the watchful eye of her foster-mother. She owned to her the reason of her sorrow; and the dreadful intelligence had such an effect on her, that it threw her into a deadly sickness. Before she died she wrote to Captain Wildner, informing him of Clara's unhappy situation, and of the probability of her own death.

On the very day in which the wretched Clara had buried her invaluable, and now for ever lost friend, her father and brother returned, and entered her room in a violent agitation. She fainted away at the sight of them, and was only recovered, after some time, by the affectionate caresses of her father. He soothed her anguish, and promised

never to think harshly of her ; and also to pardon her seducer if he would repair the injury that he had been guilty of, and reward her too tender love by making her his wife. As she still believed that her lover was sincere, and now with his father, the Captain did not go to the town, where, by minute enquiries, he would probably have learnt his dreadful end ; but he set out with her directly for the village in which was the Baron von Tiefenthal's castle. His intention was, first to speak with the young man, and if he found him faithful, then to talk with the old Baron on the justice due to his daughter ; but if he found young Tiefenthal a villain, unmindful of his engagements, he then resolved to take fearful vengeance on the traitor.

Before she could reach the village, poor Clara, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, fell dangerously ill. In consequence of this they stopped at a cottage, the owners of which received them with kindness, and entertained them in the best manner they were able. After two days of severe suffering, Clara, rather before her time, was delivered of a boy. Both mother and child were almost dead ; and unfortunately in this part of the country there was no medical assistance to be obtained. The poor disconsolate old father often sat for hours by her bedside in silence and



despair; but when now and then Clara appeared to revive, and clasped her crying infant to her breast, he was comforted again, and hoped that all might yet be well.

In conversation with his kind host, he learned that the old Baron von Tiefenthal's Castle was only about nine miles from thence; that his son was a profligate youth, the terror of all parents who had handsome daughters, and of all husbands who had handsome wives; and that he was now the declared lover of the beautiful Countess von M——. Whether he was at present with his father, or roving about elsewhere, the old peasant, who seldom left his solitude, could not tell.

This heart-rending description of the seducer of his child induced the Captain to send his son to the village, which lay near the castle, to learn some farther particulars respecting young Tiefenthal, and whether he was now in the country. He went the same day on which the old Baron brought poor Wolfgang with him to his house. Many of the inhabitants of the village, who in passing, took him for his son, warned their daughters of him in the presence of young Wildner; and when he made farther enquiries about him, he heard the same account that had already been given to his father. "We supposed

him," they added, " dead ; but weeds do not die, and now we must take care, or we shall live to see new distresses brought amongst us by his debaucheries."

When the son returned with this lamentable account to his father, both, glowing with indignation, vowed to revenge themselves on the traitor, if he would not render full and complete satisfaction to the injured Clara. Young Wildner went out again, and swore to his father not to return till he brought the betrayer with him.

He met the Countess von M——'s coach as she was carrying Wolfgang to her castle ; and being informed by a peasant that it was her, and that her companion was no doubt the young Baron von Tiefenthal, he followed the carriage with hasty steps, and overtook them walking in the grove. His impatience for revenge did not permit him to ask for any explanation ; he only peremptorily commanded Wolfgang to follow him, who innocently complied with this demand.

The sequel of this melancholy story is already known to my readers, and it would therefore be superfluous to relate it again.

## C H A P. XIV.

ON the evening of the same day, in which poor Wolfgang was so barbarously murdered, the innocent Emily, seated under the shade of a lime, wept sincerely this unexpected misfortune. He was, in their short acquaintance, become very dear to her, and was always present to her imagination, as he had knelt before her, when they silently, but expressively pledged to each other mutual fidelity. To have lost him in a moment after, and that without a hope of ever seeing him again, were circumstances of such bewildering horror, that all attempts to reconcile herself to them were vain. Not far from her sat her foster-mother and the Countess von M——, with disappointment strongly depicted on their countenances, in earnest conversation. All their plans and hopes were defeated by Wolfgang's death, and the thoughtless Countess felt, for the first time, a real anxiety how to disengage herself from her debts, and leave an unencumbered estate to her daughter. They had just come to a reso-

lution to have the dead body drawn out of the shaft early the next morning, and to appropriate to themselves whatever they might find in the pockets of the deceased, as a lawful inheritance, as a young peasant ran by them in the utmost haste; anguish and fear were painted on his brow, and his terrible groans made them notice and stop him. “What has happened to you?” asked the Countess.

*Young Peasant (breathless.)* “I was gathering berries in the wood near the shaft—there is something alive in it—it moaned—I ran away! and now I always think it is coming after me!”

“That is my poor Savoyard!” cries Emily, starting up; “Oh if he yet lives, how happy I shall be!” “Yes, indeed, how happy we shall be!” cry the Countess and the old woman.—“I will go to him! I must see him and comfort him!” cries Emily, and she was going forwards. The prudent old woman detained her, and convinced her that to comfort him was impossible, till they had obtained assistance to draw him from the shaft.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring village were summoned; and, furnished with cords, poles, and ladders, set out to accom-

plish this purpose. On the way it first occurred to the Countess, that perhaps the depth of the shaft might baffle all their endeavours; but an old peasant, who walked next to her, assured her to the contrary, for that one of his calves had fallen in there the year before, and that he had ventured down to rescue it, and did not find the hole above forty feet deep, and the bottom of it was overgrown with soft moss. He offered to go down now with a rope, and bind the unfortunate person who had been thrown in there, when those on the outside could draw him up, and afterwards himself. This comfortable account drew them all on with increasing haste, and they came to the mouth of the shaft in a very short time. Emily was the first there, and bending over the edge, she called to her dear Savoyard, and was answered by a deep moan.

The peasant went down, and soon called out, "Draw him up, I have fastened him well. He is still alive, and speaks, but it is in a language that I do not understand." Every one took hold of the ropes, and drew with united strength; Emily herself was amongst them, and was anxiously careful that her Wolfgang might not be wounded anew in this operation. At last the load came near, and with one effort more it lay before them, when they all became speechless with



astonishment at seeing, not the hoped-for Savoyard, but a handsomely dressed woman. She moaned lamentably, and kept her right hand upon her heart. Her clothes were bloody, and when they examined her, they found a dagger plunged, up to the hilt, in her left breast. As she endeavoured, in vain, to draw this out, a good-natured peasant rendered her this assistance, and a stream of blood flowed after it. The unfortunate woman once opened her large blue eyes, and then expired in the arms of the Countess.

Emily very earnestly entreated the peasant in the shaft, to search if there was not still another body to be found. But he assured her, on his honour, there were no more.

Deceived in their hopes, the whole company wandered back in a melancholy disposition, fully convinced by this double proof, that there must be robbers and murderers harboured in the wood. The Countess resolved, therefore, to have it searched thoroughly the next day, and, in the meanwhile, for the greater security of her darling, to take her, and her foster-mother, with her to the castle. The corpse of the stranger was also brought there, and they examined her clothes and her pockets, but found not the least clue to lead them even to guess who she

might be ; they only discovered that this poor murdered woman was very big with child. This dreadful sight excited new compassion in the heart of the Countess ; she wept very sincerely for her, and the next day had her buried in her family vault.

Early the ensuing morning, the peasants from the village assembled again, and went, with the servants of the Countess, to search the wood ; and if they did not take the murderers, at least to alarm them by this attention, and probably remove them from thence. They returned, in the evening, without success ; for, notwithstanding their extreme diligence, they had neither found any traces of Wolfgang, nor of the murderers. After this, Emily returned to the cottage with the old woman, and the Countess resolved to go and reside, for some time, in the neighbouring town, partly to banish care, and partly to execute a plan which she had formed, for the payment of her most urgent debts.

The day before that fixed on for her departure, a stranger arrived at the castle, and enquired of the servants if the Countess von M—— lived there. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see her, and, when he was conducted to her, he presented her with a casket carefully sealed up, and

begged for a certificate that he had delivered it faithfully. The Countess opened the casket directly, and found, to her great astonishment, that it contained four thousand sequins, and a quantity of jewels which were apparently of great value. She examined it with the greatest care, but found neither letter nor any thing else, by which she could at all imagine from whom this magnificent present came, or whether it was properly allotted to her. But the address, to which she again referred, appeared to prove this clearly. She enquired in vain of the bearer for farther satisfaction, for he was unable to gratify her curiosity.—“ I am,” he said, “ a Notary and Magistrate of the little town of W—, which lies four miles from hence. Yesterday afternoon a carriage arrived there, and stopped at the Golden Sun, and a gentleman who had been dangerously wounded, was lifted out of it by his servants. He desired that a surgeon might be sent for directly; but as the only one who lives in our town, was gone into the country, this request was of no avail. He then begged to have a notary sent for, and I was summoned to him immediately. He spoke to me at first in Italian, but as I did not understand him, he spoke to me in German. His first enquiries were about the next town, and whether he should meet with a skilful surgeon there. When I had

given him information on these particulars, he asked if I knew where your Excellency lived. On my assuring him that I did, he ordered his valet to reach him this casket. With much difficulty he wrote a very short note, and laid it in the casket, which he then sealed up himself, and dictated the direction that is upon it to his valet. At last he delivered it to me with the most urgent request to bring it over myself to your Excellency without delay. This I faithfully promised; and he then gave me, as he expressed himself, a purse of fifty ducats for my trouble, and ordered his servants to carry him again to his carriage. Before I could set out, he drove past my house; and what surprised me very much, went a quite contrary way than the direction which I had given him to the capital."

*Countess.* "Very extraordinary indeed! and to me at least quite incomprehensible. You mentioned a little note that the stranger put into the casket, and which, notwithstanding my having looked with the greatest care, I have not found."

*Notary.* "I give my word, as a person of honour, for the truth of my account; the note must be there."

The Countess emptied the casket quite out, and examined every paper in which any of the jewels were wrapped, but found nothing. At last she saw a paper folded together lying upon the ground. She took it up, and found that it contained the following words, written in a very illegible hand, in Italian, which it cost the Countess much trouble to decipher :

“ I send the adjoining, as the property of my dear, my adorable Emily. I entreat you to deliver it to her, and to assure her that I am, in my last moments, her faithful

MARQUIS LANEGO.”

*Countess.* “ Though there is a great deal that I do not understand in this affair, and perhaps never shall understand, this note certainly throws some light on the subject: Was the person, who gave this casket to you, young? Had he black eyes and black hair?

*Notary.* “ He can scarcely be more than three or four and twenty, has large black eyes and black hair.”

*Countess.* “ What clothes did he wear?”



*Notary.* “ That I cannot say, because he was laid upon the bed, and had a long mantle thrown over him. His shirt was stained with blood, and he complained of having two dangerous wounds on the left side.”

*Countess.* “ Did he speak good German ?”

*Notary.* “ He spoke it fluently, but from weaknels very slowly.”

*Countess.* “ Did he not relate to you by what accident he was wounded—whether by murderers, or in a duel ?”

*Notary.* “ No ! I asked him about it more than once, but I never obtained a direct answer ; one time he said, if I had attended, I might have guessed by what adventure it happened, but that I had not taken notice of it.”

*Countess.* “ It can be no other ! I believe that I may now safely say, that I know him very well, and was in company with him some days ago. It is true ! Carriage, horses, and servants ! yet what is there impossible in this ? It is he ! it is he !”

Before the Notary took leave of the Countess, she made him a handsome present, and

earnestly entreated him to enquire which way the Marquis was gone; and if he learnt where he was, to let her know directly. The Notary promised to do this, and the better to keep his word, left the castle immediately.

The Countess examined the present to Emily once again, and found that it was more than sufficient for the payment of her most pressing debts; but as it belonged entirely to her darling, she was too conscientious not to show it to her, and ask her consent first, before she appropriated it to this purpose. She sent for her; and first relating the incident which had just occurred, then mentioned her wish to apply this treasure to the liquidation of her debts, to which she assented without hesitation.

Emily, who was as firmly convinced as the Countess that no other than her dear Savoyard could have sent her this magnificent present, wept and lamented him sincerely. "He became dear to me," she said, "in the few moments of our acquaintance, and will eternally continue so from this dying proof of his love for me. Oh! could I but save him, could I but nurse and comfort him! I would willingly pass my life with him, even if it was to be in poverty." The Countess endeavoured to console her, and attained her

end completely, as she clearly proved to her, that a man, endowed with such supernatural strength, would certainly also have the means to heal his wounds. "If he could," she added, "rescue himself out of the shaft without any assistance, if he could, in so short a time, provide himself with a carriage, horses, and servants, he, no doubt, possesses the power of restoring himself to health, by his superior knowledge probably in the use of simples. In the meanwhile only wait patiently; he will sooner or later return quite recovered, and make you the happiest of women." Emily promised to be easy, and looked anxiously towards the day in which she should again see the beloved of her heart.

Before two days were passed, the Countess had sold the jewels; and being now possessed of sixty thousand florins, on the third day she satisfied the greater part of her creditors. As she sat down to table in the evening, in company with her Emily, much easier in her mind on being relieved from these incumbrances, a messenger on horseback arrived at the castle. He brought her a letter from the Notary, in which he informed her, that he had been fortunate enough to discover the route which the Marquis had taken, and followed him to the next Saxon frontier town, where, to his great grief, he found

him in his coffin, and saw him buried the same day. That to the surprize of every body, his servants had vanished immediately after his death, and left no traces of which way they were flown. That the magistrate of the town had been called in to take charge of whatever he might have left; but that, excepting some few clothes, and a little linen, there was not any thing found. It was therefore a well grounded presumption, that his servants had taken possession of whatever papers and money he might have had with him, as soon as their master was dead, and had disappeared on that account.

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## C H A P. XV.

**E**MILY, on this fresh disappointment of her fondest hopes, felt all her sorrow renewed with the greater keenness. She mourned in Wolfgang a lover and benefactor, who had, in her opinion, undeniably proved in the latter his sincerity in the former character. Gratitude and love thus combined to fill her soul with a lively grief, that she did not at-

tempt to dissemble. In vain her noble mother sought to console her; she rejected all consolation, and withdrew, unperceived from the company, in order to be able to weep without interruption.

The evening was delightful; the full moon, with her melancholy light, illuminated the whole region, and invited Emily to wander down the avenue of the Castle, at the end of which she stood still, absorbed in her distressful feelings. In this situation, without having heard any previous noise, she felt herself all at once seized by somebody with very strong arms, who held her from behind, while another stopped her mouth, and covered her head; and then lifting her up, they carried her off with the utmost haste. After running for some minutes, they put her into a carriage, but still covered up, and drove off directly; and now as the rattling of the wheels would prevent her cries being heard, they took the bandage from her mouth.

She wept and complained in vain, for they appeared not to mind her, as she received no answer, though she perceived plainly that somebody sat on each side of her. When they had driven for about an hour, the carriage stopped. Emily was lifted out, and notwithstanding her earnest remonstrances, they



undressed her to her shift. In her efforts to resist them she pulled off the cloth that covered her head, and saw to her great amazement, that she was in a wood; that it was two men who were undressing her, and that two others stood by with lighted torches. Believing herself to be, without doubt, in the hands of those villains who had murdered her poor Wolfgang before her eyes, she fully expected to share the same fate; and, overcome with apprehension, sunk into a swoon, out of which she was first roused by the shaking of the carriage. To her great astonishment she found herself quite dressed again; and this astonishment was increased, as she perceived that she was dressed as a man. The day now began to dawn, and she looked with surprise alternately at herself, at the fine carriage, and at her conductors; an old gentleman sat on her left hand, and opposite to her two domestics, who carefully observed all her motions; the former held a smelling bottle in his hand, and addressed himself to Emily in a language of which she understood not a word. Quite confounded by all the inexplicable circumstances of her situation, she remained for some time silent; but as she began to recover from this, and to feel with renewed force her cruel separation from her mother, she was entirely overcome, and, beginning to weep bitterly, fell at the feet of the old man.—

“Whoever thou art,” she said, “let me hope for compassion from thy age, and thy venerable countenance! What have I done that I am treated in this manner? Whither dost thou carry me? Oh, take me again to my disconsolate mother, or at least leave me at liberty!”

The old gentleman smiled rather contemptuously, and made a long serious harangue in the same, to her unintelligible language, as he spoke before; and notwithstanding her repeatedly assuring him that she did not understand him, he went on with yet more seriousness, and at last pulled out a dagger and a pistol, which he held to her breast with terrible threats; and Emily, trembling and weeping, shrunk from him into the corner of the carriage.

A repetition of such scenes frequently took place between this poor captive and the old gentleman, who she observed was treated by the others with great reverence. They travelled very fast, only stopping occasionally for very short intervals; and previously to these, bandages were always put over Emily's eyes and mouth, and she was made to sit upon the floor of the coach, and obliged often to remain some hours in this situation. She soon took notice that it was only in uninha-

bited places that they allowed her the privileges of sight and speech, or ever permitted her to get out of the carriage, at which times the old gentleman always kept watch over her at a little distance, and never ceased to threaten her terribly. All kinds of refreshments were offered to her, but she stubbornly refused them, till the old man constrained her to eat by the terrors of the pistol.

Emily, who had never before been separated for a day from her foster mother, was dreadfully harassed by a behaviour to which she was so entirely unaccustomed, and by a thousand painful apprehensions as to the fate to which she might be destined. She was unable to sleep, and, but for her youth and vigorous constitution, must have sunk under the fatigue and distress which she suffered. The idea of making her escape was constantly present to her, and particularly during the night, when her conductors were overpowered with sleep; but she soon perceived that this would be impracticable, as two servants, who sat upon the box all day, always rode by the side of the carriage at night, and waked the guards within whenever they came to a place where they were to take fresh horses.

Four days and five nights they went on in this manner, and poor Emily was become extremely weak, when at the dawn of the fifth day they stopped at a house, without her conductors having as usual put the bandages upon her eyes and mouth. To her great astonishment and satisfaction the door of the carriage was opened, and she was urged to get out, and immediately shewn into a room. But her joy was soon damped when she heard that all the inhabitants of the house spoke the same language, with which she was daily tormented by her conductors; and she was now convinced that she was in a country where this was the native language. They brought her some coffee, which she swallowed with great eagerness, not having had any thing of the kind during her journey; and the old gentleman took more pains to entertain her than ever. On Emily's again assuring him that she did not understand one word of what he said, he ended the conversation with reproaches; and she plainly saw that he made complaints of her behaviour to the owner of the house, and shewed him a letter which greatly excited his surprise; but she was already so much used to riddles, that this appeared indifferent to her, and, musing within herself, she did not pay them any farther attention.

They soon set out again on their journey, and travelled now more leisurely, putting up regularly at the inns, where she was liberally provided with every thing, and a particular table was always prepared for her. In the evening, as the old gentleman conducted her to a separate bed chamber, he gave her a parcel of women's apparel, at sight of which she once more felt real pleasure. Out of gratitude she kissed the hand of the old man, who endeavoured to prevent her shewing him this respect; and kissing her's in return, he then withdrew, and left her to examine the clothes, which she found much handsomer than those she had been accustomed to wear.

One of Emily's great concerns had been, the being obliged to be dressed like a man; and her awkward comical manner in this dress had often excited the smiles of her conductors, and as often made her blush. A long mantle, which they had given her, was her only consolation, and she was never contented but when she could cover herself in it entirely. Every female, who imagines herself for a moment in Emily's situation, will not probably be surpris'd that she put on this long wished-for dress directly, and throwing herself upon the bed, slept softly after her excessive fatigue.



On the evening of the tenth day, after this metamorphosis, they travelled later than usual. The old gentleman was this day more than commonly eloquent; his manner was urgent, and often affecting, and Emily could understand plainly that he was very solicitous for an answer from her. But however willingly she would have gratified him, it was not in her power; she could only reply to him by tears and gestures, and was obliged to bear patiently his thrusting her from him, and the renewal of all his former threats. About midnight he became quiet, and the carriage soon stopped at a large building, which stood in a wild country, surrounded with wood.

Emily, who had hitherto been always projecting plans for her escape, which she still hoped to accomplish, was in terrible consternation when she saw this building, on account of its being so entirely different from all those to which she had been habituated. An inward foreboding pointed it out to her as the boundary of her journey; and though she hoped indeed now for some explanation of this enigmatical affair, she also feared to experience new misfortunes. After knocking a long time, and ringing a great bell, somebody came to one of the windows; and after making many enquiries of those waiting with-

out, the door was at last opened. Two women, whose strange dress excited Emily's admiration, came out with lamps in their hands, and received her as she was lifted out of the carriage; and likewise a letter, which was delivered to them by the old gentleman. The door was shut again directly, and Emily's astonishment was extreme, to find herself left by all her hitherto conductors, and only in the company of the two women.

They carried her through a long passage, sparingly lighted by one lamp, till they came to a little room which they forced her to enter. They talked to her for some time, but she did not understand them, and they were as much at a loss when she answered them in German. At length they left her alone, and her distress and fear were much increased when she began to examine her room narrowly. In one corner of it there was a straw bed, upon which lay an indifferent woollen cover; next to this stood a little altar, and upon it there were a crucifix and some other images: a small wooden table and a stool completed the inventory of the furniture of this place. My readers will immediately understand that Emily was in the cell of a convent; but this she could not guess, as she was educated in the Protestant religion, and from her youth had lived in a solitude, where

she never even saw any Catholic clergy, or could acquire any idea of a cloister. It was not at that time the custom of writers to make romantic histories of Monks and Nuns, and consequently she could not, through such mediums, become acquainted with the custom and appearance of convents. It is easy to pardon her, therefore, if she feared and believed, from this indifferent furniture, that she was in a prison, and gave herself up to sorrow. She ran to the window, to breathe the free air, and tranquillize her beating heart; but the close grate which surrounded it frightened her back, and contributed to confirm her the more in her terrible conjecture.

It was past midnight, and she was extremely tired with her long journey, but yet found no inclination to sleep. She started indeed with horror from the bed, upon which, according to the suggestions of her ardent imagination, many innocent victims had lain convulsed with agony. As she was dwelling on this idea, she all on a sudden heard the sound of a dull bell, and soon after a noise in the whole building, succeeded by a murmur of praying mournfully. This she immediately concluded to be the carrying some poor sinner to the place of execution, having often heard from her foster-mother accounts of this

kind; and, supposing herself to be now in danger of a similar fate, she sunk to the ground in a swoon.

Early in the morning the Nuns found her in a lamentable situation; the fatigue and terror that she had undergone had brought on a violent fever, attended with delirium; she raved dreadfully, and fancied every Nun who came near her, was one of the servants of the executioner. These feeble creatures could with difficulty get her into bed, and they were obliged to gird her down in order to keep her there.

In this manner lay the poor lost Emily, slowly languishing out her existence; for all the assistance which the Nuns attempted to administer to her, and that of the spiritual and bodily physicians, who were called in to her directly, was of no avail, for the fever continued to rage unabatedly, and the delirium increased. On the twentieth day of her suffering she received general absolution, and the extreme unction, without being at all sensible of what they were doing to her; and on the evening of the same day, the Nuns announced to the Abbess that the sick stranger was even then expiring.

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C H A P. XVI.

**T**HE slumbering powers of justice having been once more awakened in Italy against the daring banditti, the former colleagues of Jacob, they continued, after his departure, to experience so vigorous a prosecution, that, no longer finding any prospect of safety in their native land, the majority of them resolved to follow the example of their renowned companion, and retire till the storm was laid; and in the meantime determined to pay him a visit in Germany. “We may possibly,” said they among themselves, “find something to do there; the cold-blooded Germans will perhaps suffer us quietly to gain a livelihood on their highways till we can return hither without danger.”

Jacob was very much surpris'd one day at meeting two of his most intimate comrades in one of the streets of the capital, and to learn from them that there were twenty others besides themselves likewise in the neighbour-



hood. Their joy at this unexpected rencontre was much greater than his, because he had at that time firmly resolved never to engage in robbery and murder again, but to enjoy his lately acquired fortune in quiet. But in this company he was soon induced to give up his resolution, and to unite in their scheme of highway robbery. He carried them into a wood through which the road to Saxony lay; and before the close of the first day, after they were lodged there, this banditti, eager for prey, had robbed three carriages, and murdered as many men. These unusual accounts frightened the whole country; every one talked of these murders, and every one armed themselves against the murderers.

As one of the banditti ventured once into a village to buy provisions, he was, on some suspicious circumstances, arrested by the peasants, as one of the perpetrators of these recent murders, and carried before the magistrate to be examined. When the rest of the troop heard from their trusty Jacob, that their comrade would be conveyed in the evening from the village Judge to the office of the inquisition, they waited in the road for him; and while they believed that they were rescuing their comrade, they set poor Wolfgang at liberty, who was then carried

as a prisoner the same way. His escape therefore was no more supernatural than his being taken up for a thief on entering the ale house of the village, wrapt in the very mantle which had been stolen from the host, or than his being suspected as a murderer, after the description given of him by Captain Wildner.

Wolfgang was at that time unknown to himself, carried to the castle of the Countess von M——, because the village in which they arrested him lay within her jurisdiction, and there, as my readers will recollect, he was confined in a cave for want of a better prison. In this cave, according to the account of a foreigner, a huntsman who had often sojourned there, a great treasure was buried. The steward of the Countess, who had often, as he waited on her at table, heard her talk of the great treasure which lay concealed in this country, heard about this time from a peasant what was said by the huntsman, in consequence of which, he sent for him directly. The huntsman not only maintained the truth of his account, but assured the steward that this treasure might easily be obtained; and he engaged to search for it, for him, if he would give him a new coat and waistcoat, some linen, twelve

new dollars, and six new ducats for the spirit who guarded it.

The steward agreed to every thing, and promised to bring the present with him to the place; and the cunning huntsman hoped to escape with it, and elude the expected performance of his engagement. The simple steward was in his room, preparing himself by praying and singing, for this undertaking, when Wolfgang was brought prisoner to the castle, and without his knowledge confined in the cave. When he came, equipped with his present, and whatever else was requisite for their employment, to the door of this place, which was usually open, and found it barred, the huntsman, who was eager for the prize, assured him that this was the only night that the treasure could be raised without danger; and advised that they should go down through the air-hole of the cave, which was resolved on, and they enlarged it with their tools for this purpose.

The huntsman who had often practised frauds of this kind, was dressed as a forcerer, in order to make more impression on the foolish steward. Wolfgang, whose imagination was full of forcerers, really took him for one, and, terrified at the sight of him, uttered a violent ejaculation, which equally terrify-

ing them, they made their escape as fast as possible, leaving all their things behind them, and thus pointed out to Wolfgang the means of effecting his escape, and left him in possession of their bundle, which he took away with him.

The village host, whom Jacob imposed on with his well invented tale, and who, by his loquacity had occasioned so much respect to be paid to, and so many misfortunes to befall poor Wolfgang, met Jacob the morning after this adventure. He told him that the young Marquis was actually arrived, in the character of a mouse-trap and hatchel dealer, and had staid one night at his house.

Jacob listened attentively to this account, and learnt, on further enquiry, that, notwithstanding his promise, his neighbour had not kept his secret, but had related the history that he entrusted him with, to others; and that the Baron von Tiefenthal, and the Countess von M——, were now eagerly endeavouring to decoy the supposed Marquis to their houses, that they might create to themselves, by their attention, an ample claim to his remunerations. He promised his neighbour, who was jealous of this, to take an opportunity of informing the young

Marquis of these designs, and then hastened forwards.

Sooner or later thought Jacob, as he went along, it will be discovered, that the Marquis, whose coming I have foretold, is only a poor mouse-trap and hatchel-dealer, and I shall then be known for a liar, and perhaps draw on myself a judicial examination. It will be best, therefore, that I prevent this discovery, by removing the object who would occasion it out of the way. He consulted with his comrades on this, and went out, with one of them, to search for the innocent creature who was to be their sacrifice. They went with this view through the wood belonging the Countess von M——, and saw, from a little distance, Wolfgang and Emily come down the hill together. They recognized their victim directly, and stealing near, stabbed him twice with a dagger, and left him, as they hoped, dead. They purposely spared Emily, that she might spread the news of his death in the country, and likewise the belief that he was really a person of eminence, because he was murdered without being robbed, by two men in masks, who called him Marquis.



## C H A P. XVII.

LOVE acknowledges no rank, no laws; it derides all threats, defies all dangers, and overcomes all the impediments, which like a barrier, oppose themselves against it. If any evidence were yet wanting of the truth of a proposition already so clearly proved, it is still farther confirmed by the history of the young Duchess R——, which I shall now relate to my readers.

The Duke of R——, her father, was a man of the first rank and fortune in Italy. She was his only child, and the heiress to his great property; in addition to which, she was universally allowed to be one of the most beautiful women of her time. With these attractions, it was not surprising that a multitude of lovers sacrificed to her charms the incense of flattery and adoration; and that the most distinguished families in Italy courted her alliance. But to all this homage she was insensible; for she had long loved in

secret, with the tenderest affection, a young Marquis, who was indeed extremely handsome, but so poor, that for want of any other means of living, he had for some years served her father as his master of the horse. She, who had before seldom rode out, now found her only pleasure in this exercise, which gave her an opportunity of being in the company of this beloved object; a part of whose service it was, to ride by the side of any of the family when they went out on horseback. Often when they went through a solitary wood in this manner, she would purposely by a quick gallop, leave the host of servants far behind them; and when they were thus alone, her usual timidity gave way to an eloquent, but yet perfectly modest expression in her fine countenance, of the inward sentiments of her heart.

The happy master of the horse at last understood her, and these young inexperienced children soon gave themselves up entirely to the guidance of their tender passion. As they frequently lost themselves in the thickest parts of the woods, and were some hours before they returned to their followers, the most attentive of these probably conceived suspicions of them, and immediately imparted their conjectures to the old Duke. Without giving any reason for it to his daugh-

ter, he dismissed the master of the horse directly from his service, and hoped, in this manner, to avoid making the affair public, and put an end at once to what he thought a mere romance. But this precaution came too late; a month sooner perhaps the young Duchefs might have been able to forget her lover, but now she was reminded of him every day, every hour, by the consequences of their passion, which, together with the anguish occasioned her by this separation, made the unfortunate Marquis a thousand times more dear to her. She soon found an opportunity of writing to him, and in this letter solemnly avowed not to expose herself to the dreaded wrath of her parents, but to follow the impulse of her affections, and fly with him into the wide world. Full of anxiety, she made preparations for this flight with the greatest caution and expedition, and when she accomplished it, took with her all her jewels, and a casket of her father's full of gold.

When the old Duke heard of the elopement of his only child, he was quite raving, and swore to sacrifice all his fortune if he could but see her again, and take his revenge on her, and the companion of her flight. He sent out scouts after them to all countries, supplied them with large sums of money, and made them take an oath not to return with-

out the delinquents. But one after another returned without having attained their object, till the house governor of the Duke was the only one still remaining in pursuit of them. His letters were the sole comfort, the forlorn hope of the distracted father; for this man always wrote word that he was on the track of the fugitives, and expected yet to overtake them.

This austere, but faithful servant, had chosen four men in Italy for his companions, whose capacities for such a service he knew from experience; and with the assistance of these excellent blood-hounds, he had always discovered the route of the persecuted lovers, who perceiving that they were followed, continued their flight without intermission. They had already wandered through France, and the greater half of Germany, when they arrived at Leipzig; and here, as they had not for a long time had any fresh alarm of being pursued, they resolved to rest.

In the same hotel at which the Marquis and the Dutchess put up, lodged the Baroness von Z——, from Dresden. This Lady, attracted by the angelic countenance, and the whole appearance of the Dutchess, sought to become acquainted with her, and she, happy to meet with such a person in a foreign

country, who appeared to take a cordial interest in her fate, encouraged this acquaintance, which soon became a sincere friendship. As the Dutchess was one day about to open her whole heart to the Baroness, the Marquis came into the room in great embarrassment, and in a few words made known to her, that her father's old house-governor was that moment arrived at Leipzig, and had put up at a neighbouring hotel. "I passed by," added the terrified Marquis, "as he stepped out of the carriage, and can hardly doubt but that he must have seen and known me."

This account overwhelmed the Dutchess with affliction; and as the amiable Baroness enquired into the cause of her distress, they revealed their situation to her, and entreated to have her advice and protection. "I will endeavour," said the Baroness, quite affected, "to procure you an asylum. You must fly, but fly in such a manner that your followers shall not be able to discover you any more. On the populous highways from one great town to another, you will always be tracked, and never enjoy any rest. I have a friend in Bayreuth, who, like you, has felt the power of love; and I will send you to her, where you will be kindly received, and may live securely under her protection till this storm is over, and the anger of your parents is soften-



ed." They thanked her most cordially for this advice and assistance, and set out the same night. The Baroness sent her gentleman with them, and gave them a letter to the Countess von M——; for this was the friend to whose attention she recommended them.

This old servant, who knew all the bye-roads, conducted them happily over the frontiers, and they almost believed themselves out of the reach of danger, as they were now not above five miles from the Countess's castle, when they were stopped in a wood by six men in masks. These were some of Jacob's comrades, who were lurking here for booty, and hoped to obtain it from these travellers; but this time their expectations were deceived. The Marquis's servants were well armed, and resisting their attack, wounded them so severely, that they were glad to seek their safety in flight, though unfortunately not till they had wounded the Marquis, whose only solicitude had been to protect the Duchess from their assaults.

Being apprehensive that this might be the party sent after them by the Duke, and that they would return to the pursuit of them, the Marquis entreated the servants to drive on again with the utmost speed. The blood was all this time flowing fast from his wounds,

and when they came to the end of the wood, they ventured to make a pause, that they might endeavour to stop it. But he, more anxious about his beloved Dutchess than for himself, said earnestly, "Do not mind me, but assist her, and save her if possible; for I fear much that this alrrtm may bring on her premature delivery, and make our farther progress impossible."

The Baroness's gentleman was of the same opinion, and therefore advised the hiring a carriage in the next village, "in which," he added, "I will carry the Dutchess to the Countess's, where she will find safety and consolation in the arms of a friend, while you go on to the nearest town, and put yourself under the care of a surgeon. I will come to you there, and if your wounds do not prevent it; will conduct you unnoticed to the castle, and thus frustrate all further pursuit."

The Marquis approved of this plan, and conjured the gentleman to put it into execution without delay, as he found his wounds grow so extremely painful as absolutely to require assistance. They were just setting off again, as a well dressed farmer passed them in a light carriage. The gentleman called to him, and asked if he would, for double the usual pay, carry a lady, who was taken ill

in consequence of a fright, to the Countess von M——'s castle. The man instantly agreed to it, and they all rejoiced that so favourable an opportunity had occurred to forward their scheme. The still fainting Dutchess was put into the carriage directly, and the gentleman seated himself by her; and in their hurry a little medicine chest, in the form of a chatulle, was all that they took with them. The poor Marquis was thus parted from this beloved object without being able to bid her farewell; but the hope of seeing her again soon made him support this separation with tolerable fortitude.

It is with sorrow that I acquaint my readers of these hopes being disappointed, from the unfortunate circumstance of the Dutchess's falling into the hands of the formidable Jacob; for he was the man in whose carriage she was placed. It was in the morning of this day that he had murdered poor Wolfgang, and he was now going to visit his comrades in the wood, to hear what they had made of their day's work. The present opportunity of acquiring, in all probability, a considerable booty, was too enticing for him to let it pass by unemployed. He purposely carried his charge the wrong way; and stopping in a remote part of the park, while the gentleman was busy in endeavouring to re-

vive the Duchefs, he thrust daggers into the hearts of both of them. His first care, after this deed, was to fecure all the property of the deceased, and then to conceal their bodies. He carried the murdered gentleman a considerable way to a stream of water, which he knew to be of a great depth ; but as this fatigued him very much, and the fear of being discovered filled him with anxiety, he threw the body of the Duchefs into a neighbouring shaft, which he thought deep enough to conceal his villainy from all the world. He then hastened to his companions, to whom he gave an account of this transaction ; but being at the same time alarmed lest the hand of Justice should be raised against them by the friends of these victims, and that they should be surpris'd in their retreat, he warn'd them of this, and advising them to retire for a few days, assist'd himself in carrying such of them as were wounded over the frontiers. Thence it came, that the huntsmen and peasants, who searched the wood the next day, found no traces of the robbers.

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C H A P. XVIII.

**T**HE wounded Marquis, not meeting with a surgeon in the next town, and perceiving his debility increase, dispatched the Notary from thence, with all the jewels which he had with him, besides a large sum of money, to the Countess von M——, with whom he flattered himself the Dutchess was then arrived in safety, and whom he wished, in case of his death, to secure from all danger of future want; and as her name was Emily, from thence arose the mistake of the Countess, already known to my readers, in supposing this deposit was a present to her daughter. He set out again directly, and took the road to a little Saxon town, where, according to the account of his host, he would find a skilful surgeon: but too much enfeebled by the loss of blood, he died after the first dressing of his wounds. He had previously divided the remainder of his money amongst his servants, and advised them to withdraw immediately after his death, that they might



elude the search of the Duke's emissaries, and thus escape his vengeance. To one of them he confided a ring of great value, and a letter to the Countess von M——, in which he informed her of his approaching fate, and conjured her to be a mother to his Emily, and earnestly desired, that in her present circumstances she might not be informed of his death.

This treacherous servant resolved to make his advantage of this trust; and first destroying the letter, he went to Leipzig in order to sell the ring, and then intended to return to his native country. As he was going through one of the streets of this town, he was met by companions of the Duke's house governor, who knowing him directly for an Italian, soon made an acquaintance with him, and heard, over a glass of wine, the whole history of his unfortunate master; and that the young Dutchess, for he could not guess to the contrary, was with the Countess von M——, and there expected the arrival of the Marquis.

Rejoiced at this discovery, they carried the traitor directly to the bed of their sick chief, who was so enfeebled by the unusual fatigue, of their harassing journey, that he had been confined to it for many days. His illness had

rather been a check to their enquiries after the fugitives, and he already feared to have lost all traces of them, when he was unexpectedly delighted by this account. He promised the betrayer a thousand sequins, if he would, by craft, get the Dutchess into their hand; and he immediately undertook this, and the plan of carrying her off was projected the same night.

As the house-governor had no expectation of being able to travel at present, and wished not to lose any time in the execution of this scheme, he confided the prosecution of it to one of his comrades, who was once Captain to the constable of Mantua, and who knew very well how to conduct an enterprize of this kind. He had three companions with him, whose courage he had already proved on similar occasions, but who all, like himself were unacquainted with the person of the young Dutchess. The house-governor promised to follow them as soon as he was well enough; and if he should not overtake them on the road, he ordered them to carry their prisoner to the Convent della Redemptione, to the Abbess of which he gave them a letter. He also gave them letters to the Duke, and furnished them with money in abundance for their journey. One of them went forward, in order to bespeak horses at the stage

nearest to the Countess von M——'s castle; and their informer, who knew the road, was to be their coachman. The careful house-governor commanded them to use the greatest precaution in all Protestant countries, because he had an idea that the young Dutchess, who spoke German fluently, would be immediately rescued and protected, if she called for assistance, and offered to adopt that belief. He provided them with both men's and woman's clothes for her; and charged them to dress her as a man till they got into Italy. From the first stage, where the betrayer was to receive his reward if they accomplished their project, he engaged to come back to Leipzig with the horses, and acquaint the house-governor with their success.

They sat out on the third day, and arrived in the evening of the fifth, just at twilight, at a little distance from the Countess von M——'s castle. According to their pre-concerted plan, the traitor was to go thither, and to say in secret to the Dutchess, that the Marquis, who was much better, had dispatched him to warn her of the Countess, as he had certain proof that she was in understanding with the emissaries of her father, and would shortly deliver her to them. That he therefore conjured her to follow his mes-

senger privately to the carriage, in which he was waiting not far off, to receive her with open arms. In this trap they all hoped the inexperienced Dutchess would be caught, because this faithless servant was confided in by the Marquis; and, on account of his knowledge of the German language, had been very valuable to them.

He stole down the castle avenue with this view, as Emily was walking there bewailing her Wolfgang. The shade of the trees, and the pale illusive light of the moon, led him into the error of supposing her to be the young Dutchess; and he returned to his comrades to give them an account of this fortunate incident. Quite delighted at this information, they went softly down the walk, and seized Emily just as she was seating herself upon a bank of turf. That the error respecting her was not immediately detected, arose from the circumstance which I have already mentioned, of none of these men, excepting her own treacherous servant, knowing the Dutchess; and he had now remained with the carriage in order to be ready in his office, as coachman, to set off the moment that they had secured her.

As they undressed Emily in the wood, this traitor first perceived his mistake, and was

more than once half inclined to discover it to his comrades ; but as he considered that he should thereby lose his promised recompence, he resolved to keep his own secret. Be the unknown who she will, he thought, she will at last be known ; and whatever she may have endured, will probably be made ample amends for it. He let them go on therefore, and when they were happily arrived at the destined stage, with some trepidation he asked for his reward ; and when he had obtained this, he promised indeed to carry the account of their proceedings to the house-governor ; but instead of doing it, he left the horses to run in the next wood, and went directly to Tyrol, on his way to his native town.

His departure made it impossible for Emily and her conductors to come to any explanation, as none of them understood a word of German, and she as little of Italian. Notwithstanding this certainly doubtful circumstance, it never came into the mind of the otherwise sensible Captain, that there was any mistake in this affair ; for he was firmly convinced that the Dutchess was only acting a part, because she saw herself amongst strangers, whom she thought she could mislead by affecting a total ignorance of her native language. Emily's eyes, her hair, her whole countenance, her size, answered so exactly to



the description of the fugitive, which he had often studied with great attention, that to question this being her, seemed almost impossible; and if he ever had any doubts of it, they were all at an end when he saw a diamond cross upon her neck, exactly corresponding to that described as worn by the Dutchess, and which Emily had taken from amongst the jewels sent by the Marquis, resolving to wear it as an everlasting remembrance of him. The impenetrable dissimulation of his prisoner, therefore, added much to her offence in the eyes of her conductor, and he often, for hours together, endeavoured in vain to impress her with this idea.

The joy of the old Duke was very great when he heard from the Captain of his daughter's being found, and placed in the convent. In the violence of his anger, on her first going off, he had threatened to murder her with his own hand if he ever saw her again; but time, and the long-felt absence of this only and beloved child had moderated this terrible resolution; and he was even considering whether he should not forgive her, when a messenger arrived from the convent with an account of her being dangerously ill, and not likely to recover. This intelligence, and her disconsolate mother's mournful shriek, made him tremble, and he directly

resolved that they should set out together to visit their sick child, and if their forgiveness could save her, to grant it without reserve.

Just after the Nuns had informed the Abbess of Emily's death, the Duke and Dutchess arrived at the convent, languishing to embrace their daughter. The Abbess received her exalted guests with a sorrowful countenance, and announced to them the fatal news of her decease. The Duke, struck to the heart, remained silent for some time; at last he cried out, "It is hard, very hard, to have lost my only child so long, and now to find her dead!" He tottered to a chair, and, without farther complaint, sat quite absorbed in his deep feelings. The old Dutchess, weeping and lamenting bitterly, hastened to the cell to visit the death-bed of her daughter. "If I can no more," she cried, "press my living child to my breast, nothing shall hinder me from kissing her corpse, and dying with her!" She threw herself down by Emily, and kissed her pale face; but started back, as she, with a deep sigh, raised herself up and stared at the unknown Dutchess. To describe the sensations of the latter is not possible. For one moment, her joy at finding her child, whom she believed dead, still living, was inexpressible; but terror and astonishment instantly supplanted her joy, as she

perceived that instead of being her, this was a person whom she had never seen before. The Nuns stood by in amazement, and neither party at all knew how to account for this extraordinary circumstance.

Emily sunk back upon her bed directly ; she felt herself better, but extremely weak. Her death-like sleep had been the crisis of her fever, and the awakening her would have been very dangerous, if she had not fallen into it again immediately. She was fast asleep before the Dutchess got breath to enquire of those about her the particulars of her being brought thither ; on hearing which, she was convinced that the conductors of Emily were either deceived themselves on this occasion, or had deceived them for the sake of the reward that they had offered for this service.

As Emily was the only person from whom the Dutchess could hope for an explanation of this mystery, she recommended her earnestly to the care of the Nuns, and returned to the Duke to acquaint him with the mistake she had discovered. Without a moment's delay he sent off a messenger to the Captain who had left Emily at the convent, to desire that he would come to him, and in the meantime he continued there to await

her recovery. He heard from the Nuns that the stranger spoke only German ; but as he was master of that language, this was of no consequence to him, and he was very impatient to see her. On the fourth day from her beginning to amend, she found herself much better, and was able to converse ; and, as according to the strict rules of the place, no man, the physician and confessor excepted, was permitted to visit the cells of the Nuns, she was brought into an outward room, where the Duke was expecting her.

Emily wept for joy at being once more addressed in her mother tongue, which had a happier effect on her than all the medicines she had taken. She answered all the Duke's enquiries ; and it was with grief he found, that she could not give him any account of his daughter.

These unhappy parents experienced another similar disappointment on the arrival of the Captain, who heard of this mistake with astonishment. He owned that he had at first almost doubted himself whether this could be the Dutchess, but was confirmed in her being so, on seeing the brilliant cross upon her breast, which exactly answered the description of that she was said to wear. Her refusing to speak Italian he therefore considered

as mere dissimulation, and had purposely concealed it from her father, lest it should still more inflame his anger against her.

The cross was now produced, and immediately recognized by the Duke and Dutchess as belonging to their daughter, and they pressed Emily to tell them where, and from whom she had obtained it.

The innocent Emily related every thing that she really knew, and much more that she believed she knew. She assured the Duke that she had received this cross, together with many other jewels, and a large sum of money from her lover, who was called the Marquis Lanego. He had been, she said, some time about in their country, as a mouse-trap and hatchel dealer, and had collected a great deal of the treasure which lay concealed in the Fichtelberg. That on the day in which they had first become acquainted, he was mortally wounded in her presence by two men in masks, and, as she supposed, killed upon the spot; but that she heard of him afterwards with a carriage, horses, and servants, travelling to a neighbouring town, from whence he had sent her the money and jewels as a token of remembrance, and that he had died at another town upon the frontiers of Saxony.



At first the Duke considered this account as the delirium of her fever; but as she constantly repeated the same story, he knew not at last what to think or believe. The master of the horse, who ran away with his daughter, was named Lanego: he could only therefore suppose that this, in his estimation, great villain, had shamefully forsaken her, and dissipated her fortune with another woman. If this was the case, then his child, he reflected, might now be languishing in the most extreme misery; and wretched at this idea, he thought directly of going into Germany to seek for her, but previously he desired once more to talk with Emily, and begged her to relate the whole story circumstantially. She accordingly did so; and as she now found that the Duke was in search of his daughter, whom the Marquis had carried off, it came at once into her mind whether the lady they had drawn out of the shaft might not be this daughter.

The Duke, on farther enquiry, was by degrees nearly convinced that this murdered lady was his child; but, in order to obtain greater certainty on this point, he resolved to go into Germany immediately. He concealed from the poor mother the new fears that he entertained, and flattered her

with hopes of conducting his beloved daughter again to her arms. With this prospect the Dutchess suffered him to go quietly, and on the third day he set out with the Captain and Emily. The joy of the latter was without bounds, when she heard that she was to return to her native country, and see her mother and the Countess again. This joy made her very talkative, and with the *naivete* of her manner she often charmed the Duke from his reveries, and almost annihilated every suspicion which he had secretly indulged against her. He began to believe her account to be literally true, and that she, as well as his own daughter, had been innocently deceived by the arts of the Marquis. She won the heart of the Duke so much during their long journey, that he often swore in secret, if he found his own child dead, and Emily really faultless, that she should supply her place to him, and should be his heirs.

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C H A P. XIX.

**A**FTER a journey of four weeks, the travellers arrived at the Countess von M—'s estate. Emily's heart overflowed with joy, as she discovered from a distance the turrets of the castle, and the little white cottage in the wood. Her unaffected expressions of delight drew tears from the Duke, and she confirmed her interest in his heart as she tenderly wiped away those tears; and repeatedly assured him, that she would do every thing in her power to comfort him, if he did not find his child again.

As they drove into the court yard of the castle, and the servants discovered Emily, every one of them broke out into a loud cry of joy, and ran into the house, which soon resounded with the united shout of "Emily is here again! Emily is here again!" The Countess von M—— flew impetuously to the window, and fell back in a swoon as she saw her child, whom she believed to be dead.

Emily hurried up stairs, and found her in this situation; but her tears and her kisses soon revived the fainting Countess; but she could not speak—she could only feel, and locked her child in her arms.

The old Duke stood there speechless, and beheld this meeting with tears in his eyes. He was fully sensible of the delight it must be to embrace a child again under these circumstances, from the eagerness with which he longed for it himself.

When Emily was able to speak, she enquired after her foster-mother, and wished to share her joy with her. On this the maternal heart of the Countess was no more master of itself; she knew that Emily must take the old woman for her mother, and she was envious of another's bearing away this tender appellation from her.—“Your old foster-mother,” said the Countess, “has died during your absence; but Heaven has preserved your true mother in me. You are my child, and all the world shall know that you are so, and honour you as such.”

The surprise of all the domestics present was very great, but the Countess continued her discourse, and presented Emily to them all, as her child, and as her heiress. She saw,

she thought only of her ; and was too much taken up for some time to notice the Duke, who had no inclination to interrupt such a scene. After she became a little more composed, she perceived him, and Emily presented him to her, as her deliverer, her father.

“ I am happy,” said the Duke, almost overcome, “ to have restored a lost child to your arms ; but I am very selfish, for I ask of you a like return. It were cruel now to check your enjoyment ; but when you can turn your attention to me, pity an afflicted father, who has sought a lost child for a full year, and who hopes to learn tidings of her from you. Is my daughter really dead ? Was she the stranger to whom you generously gave a decent grave ? Yet I do not wish to hear it to day ; In the uncertainty of my fate, I will satisfy myself with partaking your joy, and hoping that the same may yet be mine. But if my daughter really lives, then no longer delay the blessed moment when I shall press her again to my childless bosom.” After a pause, the Duke added, “ I know, I feel that it is in contradiction to my request ; but I can no longer subdue the emotions of my heart, which impetuously demands intelligence of its darling.”



The Countess, who was but just relieved from a similar situation, was deeply affected by the Duke's distress, and found, with real sorrow, from his answers to her enquiries, that she was under the cruel necessity of robbing him of all hope. "Unfortunate old man," she said, "your daughter is too surely dead! It is but too true that I fulfilled the last mournful duty to her, and that she lies buried in the vault of my chapel."

The Duke gnashed his teeth, and murmured some unintelligible words. "Oh, Madam!" he cried out at last, "the severest torments are nothing to what I feel. To be childless in my old age, and not to have the satisfaction of retaliating on the author of my miseries, what he has so cruelly inflicted on me, my poor wife, and our only child, is too much. Mother of a child, pity me! If he is yet alive, and you know it, and conceal him from me, then may the curse fall on you, which my bleeding heart now teems with against him, but which my tongue has not power to utter!"

*Countess.* "Your affliction is just, but the revenge you seek, if it were possible, would not soften it. The Marquis is dead; he was, as well as your daughter, murdered by a desperate banditti. He had, no doubt, injured

you, but he was faultless towards her. To the last hour of his life he loved her with the utmost tenderness, and never would have separated himself from her, but with the hope of its being for her security, and that it would be but for a short time.”

*Duke.* Hypocrite ! liar !—yet no ! forgive me in this boundless grief if I speak with too little constraint. You, perhaps, think not that your daughter has discovered to me that the base wretch also feigned to love her ; that he sent a present to her, the jewels and the money which my daughter, out of love to him, stole from me. And probably—Oh not probably, too certainly, he murdered my child, in order the more easily to betray your’s. Oh Madam ! if you, on whom he would have drawn a like misfortune, can yet excuse him, then—then I have nothing more to say with you ! then—farewell ! I will hence to my old wife, and weep, and complain with her of a creature who thinks thus, and cannot feel with me.”

*Countess.* “ Stay, dear good old man, stay with me ! You will hardly find a heart that can take a deeper interest in your affliction. I pardon all your injurious expressions, and feel, that in your situation, I should have as little command of myself. I

will relate the whole story of this misfortune to you faithfully, as it may prove a consolation to you to be set right in this error, which I was once in myself, and to be convinced that the Marquis is innocent of the death of your daughter, that he loved her to his last moment, and never even saw my child."

*Duke.* " Oh ! it will give me consolation ! prove it ! prove it to me, and I will sincerely thank you ! "

The Countess related to the old Duke the history of the unfortunate lovers, as I have already related it to my readers. She had heard it from the Baroness von Z——, who had visited her, in the expectation of finding them under her protection. Instead of which she only heard the melancholy catastrophe, as she did not doubt it would prove to be, of their fate ; and the coffin of the murdered lady being opened to ascertain this, she immediately knew her to be the young Dutchess. As it appeared from the Baroness, that Emily and Lanego were the names of these lovers, the Countess was satisfied that the casket sent by the Notary was destined for the deceased, not for her daughter ; and that the wounded Marquis who had sent it, was not, as she had sup-

posed, the Savoyard who had been lately in that neighbourhood. There still remained a mysteriousness in this affair, which the Countess and Baroness could not solve; but in forming their conjecture on it, they were induced to believe, that it must have been the emissaries of the irritated Duke who were the murderers of these untimely victims, and they often execrated this unnatural revenge. But in another week this riddle was quite unfolded.

The wounded banditti put themselves under the care of the same surgeon who had dressed the wounds of the deceased Marquis; and being suspected by him, they were, on his advice, arrested by the officers of justice, and they immediately confessed their guilt. Soon afterwards, the renowned Jacob was also taken as he was attempting to fly, and committed to prison. He was subject to the Countess, and consequently was brought before her justiciary, who, as was the custom with those who would not voluntarily confess their crimes, put him to the rack, and soon extorted his confession. He not only acknowledged his recent murders, but also that he had deceived his neighbour, who had related it again to the Baron von Tiefenthal and the Countess von M——, with a fabulous account of the means by which he had

acquired his fortune ; and that these, trusting to his word, had taken a poor Savoyard for a Marquis, and that he had, for his own security, murdered the innocent creature.

This confession enabled the Countess to prove clearly to the Duke the innocence of the Marquis, and the mistake of Emily ; and this operated so powerfully on him, that his ardent desire of revenge was extinguished, and succeeded by a deep sorrow. The idea of the persecuted lovers flying from one place to another, and being compassionated by strangers, who had endeavoured to protect them from his anger, affected him very sensibly. He wept bitterly ; and though the tears flowed principally for his daughter, they fell also for the Marquis, whom he would now willingly have accepted for his son-in-law. He begged pardon of the Countess for his injurious expressions towards her, and thanked her sincerely for the interment of his child. “ Tomorrow,” he said, “ I will visit her sad remains, and mourn over her coffin, which I will take with me ; and if my old wife asks me whether I do not bring back her daughter, I will give it to her. That moment will certainly be her last ! but of what use are childless parents in the world ? They are like an arid tree, which if it is not thrown into the fire, only stands mouldering to decay.”



The Countess endeavoured in vain to sooth the old Duke; but the soothings of Emily, who was already dear to him, and who became still dearer, on being quite cleared from his suspicions, were of much more effect. "Be you," he cried out, transported, as she fell weeping upon his neck, "be you my second Emily. Fate has not brought you to my arms in vain. I feel that only your society can console me."

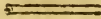
The Duke indeed spoke truly; for though he wept frequently, he always became calm when Emily wiped away his tears, and called him father. As the Countess was very eager to learn how her daughter came into Italy, and met with him, he gave her the history of her adventure, and she then regretted that she had never made such enquiries after her, as might have led to the discovery of this circumstance. But as she was in her own mind fully convinced that she also was murdered, nothing else had in her despair occurred to her, but to beg of the Justiciary to use every possible means of making the banditti own where they had concealed the body, that she might at least have the satisfaction of giving it honourable burial. But all the efforts of the Justiciary to this effect were of course of no avail; and the Countess was de-

nied her wished-for consolation, of visiting the grave of her child.

In recounting over this series of events, it did not escape the recollection of the Countess, that she was accountable to the Duke for the money and jewels which she had received from the Marquis, as being the property of his daughter. "That I acknowledge myself your debtor," she said, "and fully intend to repay what fell thus accidentally into my hands, will sufficiently appear, from a letter which I wrote to you a month ago, mentioning this business, and the unhappy fate of the Dutchess. At that time, as I supposed, my child was dead, and every thing on earth was become indifferent to me, I offered to repay the value of this deposit immediately, by the sale of my estate; but now that I have her again, I wish to leave her my estate, and hope, from your generosity, to obtain time to restore, by prudent management, what saved me from ruin."

The Duke assured the Countess, that he never should desire, nor accept of any restitution; and as the Countess refused this, he turned to Emily, and conjured her to grant this first request of her new father. Unable

to withstand his earnest entreaties, she gratefully accepted his munificent present, and put an end to this generous contention.



## C H A P. XX.

ALL the inhabitants of the castle now shared a general joy, excepting the old Duke; for the loss of his child was too recent and too deeply felt, for him to take a part in it. As they were about to sit down to supper, the Countess asked Emily, if she thought no more of her Wolfgang. "It is not handsome," she said, "thus soon to have forgotten so tender a lover."

Emily's cheeks were suffused with a deep blush at this question. "Forgotten!" she answered; "I shall never forget him! He was very dear to me before, and his death and his innocence make his memory yet dearer to me. I should forget all my past misfortunes, if he was but still alive!"

*Countess.* “It is possible that he may yet live. I believed you dead, and yet now enjoy the delight of having you again in my presence.”

*Emily.* “But I was eye witness of his death!”

*Countess.* “Only of his wounding, dear Emily. How if he really yet lives?”

*Emily.* “Yet! yet! Oh it is not possible!”

*Countess.* “But if it were?”

*Emily.* “Then, ah then! indeed, I should weep for joy!”

*Countess.* “That joy shall be your’s; he will sup with us this evening, and if you will give him leave, sit by your side.”

*Emily.* “Ah, no! it is not—Oh you harass me to no purpose—it is not possible!”

*Countess.* “Incredulous girl! then look round and be convinced to the contrary.”

At this moment Wolfgang came into the room, simply, but very genteely dressed. He had heard long before of Emily’s arrival, and

hurried to see her as she came up stairs, and thus thought himself prepared for this interview; but all his resolution vanished as he approached to kiss her hand, and congratulate her on her happy return. He trembled, he looked earnestly at Emily; tears of joy started into his eyes, and he could only sigh.

Emily was in a similar, or even more confused situation. This unexpected meeting with a man whom she loved, and lamented as dead, was almost too much for her. She involuntarily gave him one hand, and catching his with the other, sunk sobbing into his arms.

The Countess witnessed this mutual overflow of tenderness with much emotion. "Signor Tartini," she said to Wolfgang, "you are right; the bond of pure love is eternal!"—"Yes indeed, eternal!" he cried out, quite transported.—"Eternal! eternal!" stammered Emily after him.—As she recovered a little from her astonishment, she began to ask how it was possible that he yet lived; that he who was so dreadfully wounded, now stood before her quite well?

As the like question will no doubt be asked by my readers, I will relate his history in the



most concise manner possible, to them and the enquiring Emily at the same time.

Wolfgang had indeed received two stabs with a dagger from the wicked Jacob; but one of them had only bent a rib, and the other, from his giving a sudden turn, had only cut the flesh without injuring any vital part; but overcome by pain and terror, he fell apparently lifeless to the ground, Jacob, in general unerring in his blow, believing him dead, escaped with his colleague; and Emily went to fetch the old woman.

Wolfgang revived shortly after, and his imagination picturing to him these murderers, as in league with the forcerers, he exerted all his strength, and fled. Notwithstanding he endeavoured to tie up his wounds, they bled very much, and at the end of the wood he sunk down quite exhausted. There he was found by a shepherd, who took him to his cottage, and tended him carefully. As persons of this description have commonly some practical knowledge in physic, he applied the juice of certain herbs to his wounds, and nature operating yet more powerfully than the medicine, in four weeks he was able to leave his straw bed.

About this time his benefactor, who lived in a solitary place, heard from a huntsman who passed by his flock, the history of the banditti, with all the particulars before related. The circumstance of this discovery being made, by means of some wounded men belonging to this troop, excited suspicions in the mind of the shepherd. Perhaps, he thought, my guest is one of these wretches; and the certainty of his being an Italian confirming this conjecture, in order to purify himself from all imputation of guilt for having harboured him, he left the flock to his son's care, and went to the Justiciary of the Countess, to whom he revealed what he suspected. He, very naturally from this account, immediately arrested Wolfgang, and threw him into prison.

His examination, by leading to the knowledge of who he was, entirely exculpated him from these suspicions, and gave the Countess the satisfaction of finding that her Savoyard yet lived. He was directly released from confinement, and as his wounds had grown worse in prison, she took him into her house to be taken care of till he was perfectly recovered. She was, by Jacob's confession, apprized of her error of his being a rich Marquis, and having the knowledge of concealed treasures; but as her heart was peculiarly

open to compassion by the loss of her child, and as he had suffered so much from her mistake about him, and had become dear to her daughter, inclination, as well as justice, led her to pay him this attention.

The Countess often visited Wolfgang during this time; and besides her discovering many good qualities in him, he gained on her affections by the cordial share he took in her affliction for the lost Emily, whom he lamented with so much unfeigned tenderness, that she wept in return with him, and was often obliged, in the midst of her own sorrow, to give him consolation.

As soon as Wolfgang's health was re-established, the Countess gave him the appellation of her Secretary, clothed him properly, and let him eat at her table. He felt these beneficences deeply, studied with great diligence, and was not ashamed at the age he then was, to learn to write, in order to become worthy of the title which his benefactors had at first bestowed upon him so undeservedly. His continued application, his sincere gratitude, and his unceasing regret for Emily, so won the heart of the Countess, that she soon loved him as her son. It was in short with her as with the old Duke, that she felt a chasm in her heart, and wished to fill it

up; thus she hoped that Wolfgang would lessen, if not supply, the loss of Emily to her, when Emily herself appeared.

I will not be prolix on the conclusion to which my history now tends, as I hope my readers guess it already.

At the end of three months, Wolfgang and Emily were, with the consent of the noble mother, man and wife. If any of my readers wonder that a lady of rank could so readily marry her only child to a poor young Savoyard peasant, I must courteously entreat them to remember, that she was an illegitimate child, and having no pedigree of high descent, could never expect that a **LEGITIMATE NOBLE** would marry her.

The old Duke, who became daily more attached to these young people, was present at their nuptials. His first intention had been, to leave the castle immediately after the full conviction of his misfortune, with the body of his dead child; but before he could set out, he received advice by a courier of the death of his wife, who was unable to support the certain loss of her daughter, which she had learned from the Countess's letter, soon after his departure. He now therefore stood more in need of consolation, and was easily pre-

vailed on to stay and receive it from Emily, who made it her study to soften his affliction.

By the advice of the Duke, the Countess von M—— soon sold her estate, and went with him and her children into Italy. He there endowed our young Savoyard with considerable possessions, and by his influence got him raised to nobility; and the family of Wolfgang still flourishes there in great affluence and respectability.

The Duke married the Countess von M——, and lived with her and his adopted children, during the remainder of his life, in perfect happiness.

F I N I S

T





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